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M. J. Spencer

1851



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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

J O H N B. G O U G H.

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' Raging drink ! thou 'lt not enslave me ;  
Sparkling bowl ! thou now art dim ;  
Angel Temperance stooped to save me  
From the death within thy brim.'

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

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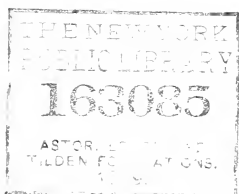
Third Thousand.

B O S T O N :

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE AUTHOR.

1845.

R. G.



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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1845,  
By JOHN B. GOUGH,  
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# DEDICATION.

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TO JESSE W. GOODRICH,

Of Worcester,

WHOSE KINDNESS CHEERED AND SUPPORTED ME

*When days were dark and friends were few ;*

AND TO

MOSES GRANT,

Of Boston,

OF WHOM IT MAY WITH TRUTH BE SAID, THAT

*'To relieve the wretched is his pride,'*

THIS NARRATIVE OF ONE,

WHO WILL EVER, WITH AFFECTIONATE GRATITUDE, REMEMBER THEM BOTH,

IS INSCRIBED.



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

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## PART FIRST.

It may be asked by many individuals, whose eyes will fall on these pages, why I have thought it requisite to add one to the already numerous autobiographies extant? I answer, that justice to myself, in some measure, demands an explicit statement of the principal incidents in an hitherto eventful life; those incidents, or, at least, many of them, having, in frequent instances, been erroneously described by the press generally. Besides this, many who have heard my verbal narrations, have intimated a desire to become more fully acquainted with a career, which, although it has extended but little beyond a quarter of a century, has been fruitful of adventure. To gratify others, rather than myself, has been my object in reducing to a permanent form my somewhat eventful history. I make no pretensions to literary merit, and trust this candid avowal will disarm criticism. Mine is, indeed, a 'short and simple annal of the poor;' and if the perusal of these pages should cheer some fainting wanderer on the world's highway, and lead him far from the haunts of evil, by the still waters of temperance, my labor will have been well repaid. Truth constitutes the

merit of my tale, if it possess any merit; and most of us know that real life often furnishes stranger stories than romance ever dreamed of; and that facts are frequently more startling than fiction.

I was born on the twenty-second of August, 1817, at a romantic little watering-place, named Sandgate, in the county of Kent, England. My father had been a soldier in the fortieth and fifty-second regiment of foot, and was in the enjoyment of a pension of £20 per annum, having frequently fought during the Peninsular war, and been wounded in the neck. I remember as well as if it had been but yesterday, how he would go through military exercises with me, my mimic weapon being a broom, and my martial equipments some of his faded trappings. I was not destined, however, to see how fields were won. With what intense interest have I often listened to his descriptions of battle-fields, and how have I shuddered at contemplating the dreadful scenes which he so graphically portrayed. He was present at the memorable battle of Corunna, and witnessed its hero, Sir John Moore, carried from that fatal field. 'Here,' he would say, 'was such a regiment,—there such a battalion; in this situation was the enemy,—and yonder was the position of the general and his staff.' And then he would go on to describe the death of the hero,—his looks, and his burial near the ramparts, until my young heart would leap with excitement. Apart from such attractions as these, my father possessed few for a child. His military habits had become as a second nature with him. Stern discipline had been taught him in a severe school, and it being impossible for him to cast off old associations, he was not calculated to win the deep affections of a child, although, in every respect, he deserved and possessed my love. He received his discharge from the army in the year 1823.

My mother's character was cast in a gentler mould. Her heart was a fountain, whence the pure waters of affection never ceased to flow. Her very being seemed twined with mine, and ardently did I return her love. For the long space of twenty years she had occupied the then prominent position of schoolmistress in the village, and frequently planted the first principles of knowledge in the minds of children, whose parents had, years before, been benefited by her early instructions. And well qualified by nature and acquirements was she for the interesting but humble office she filled, if a kindly heart and a well-stored mind be the requisites. Of course, I received my first lessons at home; but as I advanced in years, it became advisable that I should be sent to a school, and to one I was accordingly sent. There was a free school in the village, but my father possessed too much independence to allow him to send me to a charity school, and, though he could ill afford it, paid a weekly sum for my instruction at the seminary of Mr. Davis, of Folkstone. I progressed rapidly in my limited education, and became a teacher in the school; two classes, as was the custom, were placed under my care; the children of one of them I initiated into the art and mystery of spelling words of two syllables, and taught the Rule of Three to a class more advanced.

As most boys will, I sometimes got into petty scrapes, and once narrowly escaped a serious disgrace. I occasionally gave the reins to a temper which was naturally passionate, and on a certain occasion, when the order of 'Teachers to your classes' was given, I exclaimed, 'I wish the classes were at the devil!' One of the boys reported my remark to the master, saying, 'Please, sir, I heard him.' He called me to him. I denied that I had uttered such words; but one boy, and another, and another asserting that

I did, with 'Please, sir, I heard him, too,' my falsehood was discovered. I then could deny no longer; and my master sternly ordered me, when the school closed, to take my slate and books home with me, and never return to the school. I sat down moodily in my place, pondering on what had occurred, and revolving within my mind what course I should pursue; for I justly dreaded my father's anger, and felt convinced that he would not pass my offence by lightly. After mature consideration, I went to my master, admitted my fault, reasoned with him, and stated how much I feared my father's anger, should I be discharged from the school. Nor were my entreaties without the desired effect; for the good man relented, and I was pardoned, my father never knowing any thing of the matter.

I was now about eight years of age, and having a keen taste for the beauties of nature, was often to be found roaming on Sandgate beach, gazing with wonder on the great deep, and, as I listened to its everlasting moan, little dreaming that three thousand miles beyond was a land in which my lot would one day be cast. There was an old castle, too, in the vicinity, which had been built years ago, — ages to my boyish mind, — by Henry the Eighth. I became a great favorite of the keeper of this ancient place, and having acquired some knowledge of the history of the bluff king Hal, I used to wander through the desolate courtyards where the rank grass grew; sit in deserted, windowless chambers, where the bat nestled and the owl screamed, or gaze from turret and battlement on the surrounding scenery. And I would in fancy people the place with its old inhabitants, and see plumed cavaliers and ruffled dames pacing the corridors or surrounding the groaning board. Katherine of Arragon, and Ann Boleyn, with Henry's other wives, flitted by me. I lived, as it were, in the past; and thus,

almost unconsciously, my imagination was cultured, and my mind imbued with a love of history and poetry.

My father belonged to the Methodist persuasion, and my mother was a Baptist, but the differences in doctrine existing between them never affected their happiness. As all in such cases should do, they agreed to differ. Among other circumstances connected with this period of my life, I well remember one which much impressed me. The venerable and devoted William Wilberforce resided, during a few of the summer months, at Sandgate, for the benefit of his health. I had heard much of the great philanthropist, and was not a little delighted when my father took me to his lodgings, where a prayer-meeting was held. How it was, I know not, but I attracted Mr. Wilberforce's attention. He patted me on my head, said many kind things, and expressed wishes for my welfare. He also presented me with a book, and wrote with his own hand my name on the fly-leaf. Having acquired some reputation as a good reader, he requested me to read to him. I did so, and he expressed himself as much pleased. The book presented to me, I long since lost, but never shall I forget the kindly words of the venerable giver.

I have remarked, that I was considered to be a good reader. Often, whilst I have been sitting reading to my mother, as she sat working by our cottage-door, which faced the sea, have strangers stayed to listen, attracted by my proficiency in this art. There was a library in the village, kept by Mr. Purday, and to this place many of the visitors at our watering-place resorted, to learn the news. Very frequently I was sent for to read to ladies and gentlemen; and the school-mistress's son became a general purveyor of the gossip of the day, in return for which I was rewarded pretty liberally. On one occasion, a gentleman, to whom I had read some

portions of a newspaper, was so pleased, that he took me to the library, fronting the reading-room, in the same building, and asked me what book I would like to take. Showing me a volume which contained hieroglyphical pictures, and a common prayer-book, he offered me either I might choose. Now, with all the love of a lad for pictures, I ardently desired the hieroglyphical designs, but, thinking I should be considered more favorably of if I decided on accepting the prayer-book, I chose, much against my will, the latter. My choice was applauded; and a bright half crown into the bargain, consoled me for the self-mortification my vanity had imposed.

About this time I experienced a very narrow escape from death. I went to school, at Folkstone, and was returning from that place, one day, accompanied by some other boys, playing at wagon and horses, four boys personating quadrupeds, which I was driving at rather a rapid rate. It happened that a man, who was engaged in digging a trench by the side of the road, did not perceive the four lads I was driving, they having stooped as they passed; he threw up a spadeful of clay, for the purpose of tossing it to some little distance, and the sharp edge of the implement was driven with great force against my head. I instantly sunk down insensible and deluged with blood. I was carried home by the boys, who in reality became animals of burden, still unconscious, to my terrified parents, and for days my life was despaired of. Even when recovery seemed probable, few hopes of my returning reason were entertained, although, by the providence of God, I recovered; yet, to this day, I feel the effects of that blow. When excited in speaking, I am frequently compelled to press my hands on my head, to ease the pricking and darting sensation I experience; and never, I suppose, shall I be entirely free from inconvenience



from this source. My father had a tender heart, notwithstanding his habitual sternness, and he never reverted to this circumstance in after days without tears.

During my father's absence in the wars, my mother's circumstances were very straitened, although, in addition to school-keeping, she worked industriously at making a kind of lace, then very fashionable, and in the manufacture of which article she greatly excelled. On one occasion, when our necessities absolutely required extra exertion, she took her basket of work, and travelled eight and a half weary miles, to the town of Dover. Arrived there, foot-sore and heart-weary, she threaded the streets and lanes with her lace, seeking for customers, but not one did she find; and, after reluctantly abandoning the pursuit, she once more turned her face towards her home — a home desolate indeed. Painful, bitterly painful, were my mother's reflections as she drew near her door, and when she rested her dreadfully tired frame, she had nothing in the house with which to recruit her strength. During her absence, a gentleman had sent for me to the Library, and was so pleased with my reading, that he made me a present of five shillings; and Mr. Purday, in addition, gave me sixpence. O! how rich I was. Never had I possessed so vast an amount of money before, and all imaginable modes of spending it flitted before my fancy. I went to play with some other boys until my mother's return from Dover; and, soon afterwards, on entering our house, I found her sitting in her chair, bathed in tears. I asked her what was the matter? when she drew me close to her, and looking in my face, with a mournful expression which I shall never forget, informed me that all her weary journey had been fruitless — she had sold nothing. O! with what joy I drew the crown-piece and the sixpence from my pocket,

and placed them in her hand; and with what delightful feelings we knelt down, whilst she poured out her heart in thankfulness to God, for the relief so seasonably provided. My mother gave me a halfpenny for myself, and I felt far happier then than I did when I received the shining silver crown-piece: it was *all* my own, to do as I liked with — to keep or spend. What an inestimable privilege! I can, in all sincerity, say, that never have I received money since then, which has afforded me such solid satisfaction; and some of my most pleasant reminiscences are circumstances connected with that boyish incident.

I ought, before this, to have mentioned that I had a sister, two years younger than myself, of whom I thought a great deal. She was my chief playmate. I used to frequently personate a clergyman, being then very fond of imitation; and having rigged up a chair into something as much resembling a pulpit as possible, I would secure her services in the way of dressing up rag dolls, which constituted my congregation, for whose especial benefit I used to pour forth my mimic oratory, very much to my own amusement, if not to the edification of my dumb friends, who sat stiff and starched, perfect patterns of propriety. Then, as a diversion, I manufactured, from an old bottomless chair, a very respectable Punch and Judy box; and many a laugh have I raised among my young companions by my performances in this line. My puppets were of home manufacture, but they passed muster well enough, especially with the boys and girls, who had never been fortunate enough to have seen the genuine personifications of these remarkable characters.

About this time, my father returned home, and soon afterwards entered the service of the Rev. J. D. Glennie, a clergyman of the Church of England, and chaplain to Lord

Darnley; and here I cannot but pay a passing tribute of respect to this pious and kind-hearted man, who always treated me with much consideration. His wife sent for me, and presented me with 'Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' 'The Economy of Human Life,' and 'Todd's Lectures to the Young;' works which shortly afterwards I perused at sea, when voyaging to America, they having been given to me the day before I left Sandgate.

A very important change in my fortunes now occurred. I was 12 years of age; and my father, foreseeing the difficulty of procuring me a trade, made an agreement with a family of our village, who were about emigrating to America, that they, in consideration of the sum of ten guineas, paid by him, should take me with them, teach me a trade, and provide for me until I was 21 years of age. After much hesitation, my mother, from a sense of duty, yielded to this arrangement. I, boy like, felt in high glee, at the prospects before me. My little arrangements having been completed, on the 4th of June, 1829, I took a last view of my native village. The evening I was about to depart, a neighbor invited me to take tea at his house, which I did. My mother remarked to me afterwards: 'I wish you had taken tea with your mother, John;' and this little circumstance was a source of much pain to me in after years. The parting with my beloved parents was bitter. My poor mother folded me to her bosom, then she would hold me off at arm's length, and gaze fondly on my face, through her tearful eyes, reading, only as a mother could, the book of futurity for me. She hung up, on the accustomed peg, my old cap and jacket, and my school-bag, and there they remained until, years after, she quitted the house. At length the parting words were spoken, and I quitted the home of my childhood, perhaps forever.

A touching scene it was, as I went through the village towards the coach-office that evening. As I passed through the streets, many a kind hand waved a farewell, and not a few familiar voices sounded out a hearty 'God bless you.' There was one old dame, of whom I had frequently bought sweetmeats at her green grocery, named familiarly Granny Hogben; she called me into her shop, and loaded me with good wishes, bulls' eyes, cakes, and candies, although, poor affectionate soul, she could ill afford it. The inn was reached, and, in company with another lad, who was going out with our family to meet a relative, I mounted the roof of the London night coach, and was quitting the village, when, on turning round to take a last look at it, I saw a crouching female form, by a low wall, near the bathing-machines. My heart told me at once that it was my mother, who had taken advantage of half an hour's delay, at the inn door, to proceed a little distance, in order to have one more glance at her departing child. I never felt I was loved so much, as I did from that time. When we arrived at Ashford, we were placed inside the vehicle. Amongst many things which impressed me on my journey, was the circumstance of a poor, shivering woman begging alms at the coach door, at midnight, for whom I keenly felt. At Footscray, I again was placed outside the coach. On arriving near the metropolis, objects of interest increased every moment, and, when fairly in the great city, of which I had heard so much, I was almost bewildered with the crowds, and the multiplicity of attractive objects. A fight between two bellicose individuals was almost my first town entertainment.

Whilst I remained in London, I saw some of the great gratuitous attractions, such as St. Paul's, the Tower, the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House, and the Monument,

to the summit of which I ascended, and surveyed from thence the 'mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping.' On the 10th day of June, every thing being arranged, I sailed from the Thames, in the ship *Helen*. Passing Dover, we arrived off Sandgate, on Sunday, when it fell a dead calm, and the ship's anchors were dropped. I afforded some amusement to those around me, by the eagerness with which I seized a telescope, and the certainty with which I averred that I saw my old home. During that day, boat after boat came off to us from the shore, and friends of the family I was with paid them visits; but I was unnoticed — *my* relatives did not come. After long and wearily watching, I at last saw a man, standing up in a boat, with a white band round his hat. 'That's him! that's my father!' I shouted. He soon got on deck, and almost smothered me with his kisses, from which I somewhat shrank, as his beard made very decided impressions on my smooth skin. I heard that my mother and sister had gone to a place of worship, at some distance from Sandgate, which I regretted much. When evening came on, our visitors from the shore repaired to their boats, which, when a few yards from the ship, formed in a half circle. Our friends stood up in them, and, o'er the calm waters sounded our blended voices, as we sang:—

'Blest be the dear uniting love,  
Which will not let us part;  
Our bodies may far hence remove,  
We still are one in heart.'

Boat after boat then vanished in the gloomy distance, and I went to my bed. About midnight, I heard my name called, and going on deck, I there found my beloved mother and sister, who, hearing, on their return home, that I was

in the offing, had paid half a guinea (money hardly earned, and with difficulty procured, but readily and cheerfully expended) to a boatman, to row them to the ship. They spent an hour (O, how short it seemed!) with me, and then departed, with many tears. Having strained my eyes, until their boat was no longer discernible, I went back to my bed, to sob away the rest of the morning. I felt this to be my first real sorrow. Grief, however, will wear itself out; and, having slept somewhat, when I awoke in the morning, a breeze having sprung up, we were far out at sea. I never experienced any sea-sickness; and, had my expectations with respect to the family I was with been realized, I should have been comparatively happy. Occasionally, on looking over my little stock of worldly goods, I would find little billets, or papers, containing texts of Scripture, pinned to the different articles. In my Bible, texts of Scripture were marked for me to commit to memory; amongst them, I remember, were the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th chapters of Proverbs. As we voyaged on, I soon began to feel a difference in my new situation; and often did I bitterly contrast the treatment I received, with that to which I had been accustomed at home. I wished myself back again; but the die was cast, and so I put up with disagreeables as well as I could. On the morning of the 3d of August, fifty-four days from the time of sailing, we arrived off Sandy Hook; and, O how I longed, as we sailed up the Narrows, to be on deck, and survey the scenery of the New World! I was not permitted to do this; for, whilst I could hear the shouts of delighted surprise which burst from the lips of the passengers who crowded the vessel's sides, I was confined below, occupied in blacking the boots and shoes of the family, in order that that they might be landed 'sound, and in good order.' We

made the land at three in the morning, and were moored at the wharf, in New York, at three in the afternoon, rather an unusual thing, as ships are generally detained some time at Staten Island.

I had got so tired of biscuit,\* that I most ardently longed for some 'soft Tommy,' and was already munching it in imagination, when my guardians went on shore, leaving me behind. I had anticipated purchasing some dainties immediately, for, having received a little money for a cabbage-net I had made on board, I possessed the requisite funds. My capital was, however, not so large as it might have been, for I had, like other capitalists, negotiated a loan with the black cook, to whom I advanced an English crown. The principal and interest, to this day, remain unpaid, not an uncommon occurrence, I have been since told, in regard to foreign loans. To return. I was left on board all night, as my acquaintances did not return; and, during their absence, I sought for amusement in gazing from the vessel on the crowded wharfs. I well remember my surprise, at seeing a boy, about my own age, inserting a plug of tobacco in his mouth; but I soon became accustomed to such things as these, and many, too, of a far stranger nature.

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\* I would here state, that the family I travelled with had provided a quantity of fine white pilot bread for the voyage. I suppose I at first ate very heartily, and that fears were entertained of my diminishing the stock; for when we arrived at Portsmouth, the head of the family went on shore, and brought back with him a bag of the most suspicious-looking biscuit I ever laid eyes on. On this I was exclusively fed during the remainder of the voyage. To do Mr. — justice, I do not think *he* was altogether to blame in this matter, for I believe him to have been naturally a kind-hearted man; but it is not always that husbands can do exactly as they please in this world

When I *did* get an opportunity, I laid in a good stock of bread ; and having stayed about two months in York City, during which time I often strolled about the streets, we started for Western New York. I was greatly delighted with the scenery on the Hudson river, which far surpassed any I had ever before witnessed. We went to a farm in Oneida county, where I remained two years, during which period I was never sent to either a Sabbath or day school. I felt this much, as I had an ardent desire to acquire knowledge ; and, tiring of so unprofitable a life, and perceiving, also, that no chance existed of my being taught a trade, I sold a knife for the purpose of paying the postage of a letter to my father, in which I asked his permission to go to New York, and learn a trade. I sent off this letter clandestinely, because, hitherto, all my letters home had been perused by my guardians before they were despatched, and I did not wish their interference in this matter. In due course, I received a reply to my letter. My father said that as I was old enough now to judge for myself, I might act according to the dictates of my own judgment. Glad enough was I to have my fate in my own hands, as it were, and on the 12th of December, 1831, I quitted Oneida county for New York city. It may easily be imagined, that I left my situation with but very little regret, for, although by some of the members I was treated with consideration and kindness, yet from those to whom I naturally looked for comfort and solace, I experienced treatment far different from that which my father anticipated when he intrusted me to their guardianship. In all conscientiousness, I can aver, that my situation, when I left this family, was worse than it was when I entered it. Here, I beg to make a remark, which is rendered necessary from the fact of it having been stated that I have represented the family as dissipated and



drunken. Such a report never was made by me at any time, or in any place; nor did there exist foundation for such a rumor. Whisky and cider were used by the family, but not to excess, that I knew of. In pure self-defence I make this statement.\*

Whilst with the family referred to, a revival of religion occurred in our neighborhood. My mind was much impressed, and I was admitted a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On my arrival in New York, I had half a dollar only in my pocket, and all the goods I possessed in the world were contained in a little trunk, which I carried. I stood at the foot of Courtland street, after I left the boat. Hundreds of people went by, on busy feet, heedless of me, and I felt desolate indeed. But, amidst all my lonely sorrow, the religious impressions I have just referred to, and, more especially, those which I had derived from the lips of my beloved mother, afforded some rays of consolation which glimmered through the gloom. Whilst I was standing, pondering whither I should bend my steps, a man came up to me, and asked where he should carry my trunk. Then, indeed, the strong sense of my forlornness came to me, and I scarcely ever remember to have experienced more bitterness of spirit than on that occasion. Fancy me, reader! a boy, just fourteen years of age, a stranger, in a strange city, with no one to guide him, none to advise, and not a single soul to love, or be loved by. There I was, three thousand miles distant from home and friends; a waif on life's wave, solitary in the midst of thou-

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\* I never should have referred to this subject, had not a meddling fellow in New York city busied himself about my affairs, impeached my veracity, and imputed to me motives which I never entertained. *Verbum, sat.*

sands, and with a heart yearning for kindly sympathy, but finding none. Whilst musing on my fortunes, all at once the following passage entered my mind, and afforded me consolation : ' Trust in the Lord, and do good ; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' Shouldering my trunk, I entered the city ; and, having left my load in charge of a person, I repaired to the Brown Jug, public-house, in Pearl street, in which place I remained until the Monday morning following, when I was recommended to apply to the venerable Mr. Dando, who was then the agent of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. To this gentleman I told my story, after hearing which, he went with me to the Methodist book concern (then situated in Crosby street), where, after some conversation, I was engaged, to attend on the next Wednesday, as errand boy, and to learn the book-binding business ; and, for my services, to receive two dollars and twenty-five cents per week, and to board myself. Mr. Dando recommended me, as a boarder, to a Mrs. M——, in William street, at the rate of two dollars weekly ; and, low as were the terms, the reader will presently agree with me in thinking, that it was far too much for the accommodation I received. To my surprise, I found, when the hour of rest approached, that I was to share a bed with an Irishman, who was lying very sick of a fever and ague. The poor fellow told me his little history ; and I experienced the truth of the saying, that ' Poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.' He had emigrated to America, been attacked with the disease I have mentioned, and now was out of money, but daily in the expectation of receiving some from his friends. My companion shivered so much, and was so restless during the night, that I was wretchedly disturbed ; and, next day, I told my landlady that I could not possibly sleep in the

same bed with the Irishman again. Accordingly, the next night, she made me up a wretched couch, in the same room, under the rafters. It was hard enough, and what is called a cat's-tail bed; and so wretchedly situated was it, that when I stretched my hand out, to pull up the scanty supply of bed-clothes, my fingers would encounter the half glutinous webs of spiders, a species of insect to which I have had, from childhood, and still have, an unaccountable, but deeply-rooted, antipathy. Weary as I was, from want of sleep on the preceding night, I soon fell asleep in my uneasy bed, but was awoke, in the dead of the night, by frightful groans, uttered by my sick companion. I started, and found, to my surprise, that the man was up. I was dreadfully frightened, more especially, as he informed me that he feared he was going to die. I asked him to let me call assistance; but he positively forbade it, and then went and sat on the side of the bed. O! never have I heard such agonizing exclamations, as broke from the lips of that dying man, as he called, with terrible earnestness, on Christ to save him, and on God to be merciful to him. He seemed anxious to know the hour. I told him I thought it was near morning, as the cock had crowed. After some more moaning noises, he suddenly fell back on the bed. I heard a rattling, gurgling sound, and then all was silent. I *felt* the man was dead, although I could not see him, and knew that I was alone with Death, for the first time. O! how slowly dragged on the hours until dawn; and, when the faint light struggled through a little window in the roof, and gradually brought out the walls and furniture from the gloom, there lay the dead man on his back, his mouth wide open, and his eyes glazed, but staring only as dead eyes can. With a desperate effort, I started from my bed, gathered my clothes in a bundle,

dressed myself outside the room door, and roused the woman of the house. She received the intelligence with about as much composure as if Death had paid her house an expected and customary visit, and only remarked, 'Well, dear soul! he was very patient, and is gone to glory.' After the poor man's death, his expected funds arrived; but, alas! too late.

I soon afterwards went to my work, and my business was to pack up bundles of books for Cincinnati. As I was working, I fell into a train of thought respecting my desolate situation, and, as I mused, the scalding tears fell, in large drops, on the paper I was using. Into the very depths of my sorrow a kind heart looked; for, whilst I was weeping, a young lady came to me, and asked me what was the matter? Her tone of kindness, and look of sympathy, won my confidence, and I informed her of the particulars of my little history. When I had finished my tale, she said, 'Poor distressed child! you shall go home with me to-night.' I did so; and, when I arrived at her house, I saw her mother, who was engaged in frying cakes on the stove. The young girl took her mother aside into an inner room, and, presently, the latter came out, and said to me, 'Poor boy! I will be a mother to you.' These words fell like refreshing dew on my young heart; and mother and sister, indeed, did the benevolent Mrs. Egbert and her daughter prove to me. Soon after this, I joined the church in Allen street; and, after remaining with the Egberts some months, I removed, and boarded with my class-leader, Mr. Anson Willis. I afterwards boarded with a Mrs. Ketchum; but frequently wished that I had remained with Mrs. Egbert. During this period of my life, circumstances induced me to leave the church, and also my place of employment; and I became exposed to temptation, and too soon grew thought-

less of religious things I now worked at N. and J. White's, corner of William and Pearl streets, and, as my prospects were somewhat improving, I sent for my father, mother, and sister, to join me in this country. On Saturday afternoon, in August, 1833, a small note was brought, which informed me that my mother and sister were on board the ship *President*, then lying in the stream. I immediately left my work, intending to go to them, and was on my way down Fulton street, when the sole of my shoe got loose, and I stepped into the bindery of Burlock and Wilbur, where I had directed my relatives to call on their arrival, to get a knife to cut it off, when I learned that my mother had called at the store, a short time before, and had left to go to William street. I turned into that thoroughfare, and saw a little woman, rapidly walking, whom I recognized as her of whom I was in search. She looked every now and then at a slip of paper which she held in her hand, and frequently glanced from it to the fronts of the houses, as if to ascertain some particular number. Much as I desired to speak to her, I thought I would try whether she would recognize me or not; so I went behind her, passed on a little way, then turned, and met her; but she did not observe who I was. I again went behind her, and exclaimed, 'Mother!' At the well-known sound she turned in a moment, and in an instant she had clasped me in her arms, and embraced me in a very maternal manner, heedless of the staring passers-by, who were very little used to have such public displays of affection got up for their amusement. I returned with my mother to the barge, in order to get her luggage, and, when there, was surprised by a great girl jumping into my arms, who was so altered from the time I saw her last, that I had some difficulty in recognizing my sister. My father did not accompany his wife and

daughter, for he was loth to lose his hard-earned pension, and was in hopes to effect a commutation with the government, and receive a certain sum, in lieu of an annual payment.

At that time I was in the receipt of three dollars a week, wherewith to support myself; and, with the few articles my mother brought over, we went to housekeeping. O! how happy did I feel that evening, when my parent first made tea, in our own home. Our three cups and saucers made quite a grand show, and, in imagination, we were rich in viands, although our meal was frugal enough. Thus we lived comfortably together, nothing of note occurring, until the November following, when, owing to a want of business, and the general pressure of the times, I was dismissed from my place of work. This was a severe blow to us all, and its force was increased by my sister who was a straw-bonnet maker, also losing her employment. Our rent was a dollar and a quarter per week; but, finding it necessary to retrench in our expenditure, we gave up our two rooms, and made one answer our purpose, by dividing it into two compartments at night, by hanging up a temporary curtain. Our rent was now reduced to fifty cents a week, and all our goods and chattels were contained in the garret, which we continued to occupy until my mother's death. Things gradually grew worse and worse. Winter, in all its terrors, was coming on us, who were ill prepared for it. To add to our troubles, wood, during that season, was very high in price, and, in addition to want, we suffered dreadfully from cold. I obtained employment only at uncertain intervals, and for short periods, as errand-boy in a bookstore, in Nassau street, and in a bindery; but, even with this aid, we were sorely off, and painfully pinched. Thus was the whole of that dreary winter one continued scene

of privation. Our sorrows were aggravated by my poor mother's sickness, and our apparel began to grow wretchedly scanty. I remember my mother once wishing for some broth, made from mutton. Not being able to bear that she should want any thing she required, I took my best coat, and having pawned it, procured her some meat, and thus supplied her wants, so far as practicable. Often and often have I, when we were destitute of wood, and had no money to procure any, gone a mile or two into the country, and dragged home such pieces as I might find lying about the sides of the road. Food, too, was sometimes wanting; and once, seeing my mother in tears, I ascertained that we had no bread in the house. I could not bear the sight of such distress, and wandered down a street, sobbing as I went. A stranger accosted me, and asked me what was the matter? 'I'm hungry,' said I; 'and so is my mother.' 'Well,' said the stranger; 'I can't do much; but I'll get you a loaf;' and when I took this three cent piece of bread home, my mother placed the Bible on our old rickety pine table, and, having opened it, read a portion of Scripture, and then we knelt down, thanking God for his goodness, and asking his blessing on what we were about to partake of. All these sufferings and privations my poor mother bore with Christian resignation, and never did she repine through all that dreary season.

As the spring came on, both my sister and myself got employment again, and our situation was bettered for a time. I now earned four dollars and a half a week; and was enabled to redeem my coat. A happy day was that, when I went in it with my sister to a place of worship. I would here mention, that, during all that hard winter, we received no charitable assistance from any source. Once, and only once, my mother spoke of some wood which was to be

given away to the poor, at the City Hall; but I refused to allow her to apply for relief there, knowing well that she would be subjected to the insulting questions of hard-hearted officials, who took advantage of their office to insult the unfortunate children of penury. Pity it is, that kind actions cannot always be performed in a kindly spirit; but, too often, such is not the case, in this cold-hearted world. Glad to this day am I, that I prevented her from being mortified by a contumely, which I cannot bear to think she should have borne.

And now comes one of the most terrible events of my history, an event which almost bowed me to the dust. The summer of 1834 was exceedingly hot; and as our room was immediately under the roof, which had but one small window in it, the heat was almost intolerable, and my mother suffered much from this cause. On the eighth of July, a day more than usually warm, she complained of debility, but as she had before suffered from weakness, I was not apprehensive of danger, and saying I would go and bathe, asked her to provide me some rice and milk against seven or eight o'clock, when I should return. That day my spirits were unusually exuberant. I laughed and sung with my young companions, as if not a cloud was to be seen in all my sky, when one was then gathering which was shortly to burst in fatal thunder over my head. About eight o'clock I returned home, and was going up the steps, whistling as I went, when my sister met me at the threshold, and seizing me by the hand, exclaimed, '*John, mother's dead!*' What I did, what I said, I cannot remember; but they told me, afterwards, I grasped my sister's arm, laughed frantically in her face, and then for some minutes seemed stunned by the dreadful intelligence. As soon as they permitted



me, I visited our garret, now a chamber of death, and there, on the floor, lay all that remained of her whom I had loved so well, and who had been a friend when all others had forsaken me. There she lay, with her face tied up with a handkerchief;—

‘By foreign hands her aged eyes were closed;  
By foreign hands her decent limbs composed.’

O! how vividly came then to my mind, as I took her cold hand in mine and gazed earnestly in her quiet face, all her meek, enduring love, her uncomplaining spirit, her devotedness to her husband and children. All was now over; and yet, as through the livelong night I sat at her side, a solitary watcher by the dead, I felt somewhat resigned at the dispensation of Providence, and was almost thankful that she was taken from the ‘evil to come.’ Sorrow and suffering had been her lot through life; now she was freed from both; and loving her as I did, I found consolation in thinking that she was ‘not lost, but gone before.’

I have intimated, that I sat all night watching my mother’s cold remains; such was literally the fact; and none but myself and God can tell what a night of agony that was. The people of the house accommodated my sister below. When the morning dawned in my desolate chamber, I tenderly placed the passive hand by my mother’s side, and wandered out into the as yet almost quiet streets. I turned my face towards the wharf, and, arrived there, sat down by the dock, gazing with melancholy thoughts upon the glancing waters. All that had passed seemed to me like a fearful dream, and with difficulty could I at certain intervals convince myself that my mother’s death was a fearful reality. An hour or two passed away in this dreamy, half-delirious state of mind, and then I involuntarily pro-

ceeded slowly towards my wretched home. I had eaten nothing since the preceding afternoon, but hunger seemed like my other senses to have become torpid. On my arrival at our lodgings, I found that a coroner's inquest had been held on my mother's corpse, and a note had been left by the official, which stated that it must be interred by noon of the following day. What was I to do? I had no money, no friends, and what was perhaps worse than all, none to sympathize with myself and my sister, but the people about us, who could afford the occasional exclamation, 'poor things!' Again I wandered into the streets, without any definite object in view. I had a vague idea that my mother was dead, and must be buried, and little feeling beyond that. At times, I even forgot this sad reality. Weary and dispirited, I at last once more sought my lodgings, where my sister had been anxiously watching for me. I learned from her, that, during my absence, some persons had been and brought a pine box to the house, into which they had placed my mother's body, and taken it off in a cart, for interment. They had but just gone, she said. I told her that we must go and see mother buried; and we hastened after the vehicle, which we soon overtook.

There was no 'pomp and circumstance' about that humble funeral; but never went a mortal to the grave who had been more truly loved, and was then more sincerely lamented, than the silent traveller towards Potter's Field, the place of her interment. Only two lacerated and bleeding hearts mourned for her; but as the almost unnoticed procession passed through the streets, tears of more genuine sorrow were shed, than frequently fall when

'Some proud child of earth returns to dust.'

We soon reached the burying-ground. In the same cart with my mother was another mortal whose spirit had put on immortality. A little child's coffin lay beside that of her who had been a sorrowful pilgrim for many years, and both now were about to lie side by side in the 'narrow house.' When the infant's coffin was taken from the cart, my sister burst into tears, and the driver, a rough-looking fellow, with a kindness of manner that touched us, remarked to her, 'Poor little thing; 't is better off where 't is.' I undeceived him in his idea as to this supposed relationship of the child, and informed him that it was not a child but our mother for whom we mourned. My mother's coffin was then taken out and placed in a trench, and a little dirt was thinly sprinkled over it. So was she buried!

There was no burial-service read,—none. My mother was one of God's creatures, but she had lived—died amongst the poor. She had bequeathed no legacies to charitable institutions, and how could the church afford one of its self-denying men to pray over her pauper-grave? She had only been an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, and a poor Christian; so how could a bell toll with any propriety as she drew near to her final resting-place? No prim undertaker, who measured yards of woe on his face according to the number of hatbands and gloves ordered for the funeral, was there, and what need, then, of surpliced priest? Well, it was some comfort to me, that my poor mother's body could 'rest in hope,' without the hired services of either; and I could not help feeling and rejoicing that he who wept at the grave of Lazarus, was watching the sleeping dust of his servant. O! miserable indeed is the lot of the poor;—a weary, struggling, self-denying life, and then a solitary death and an unblessed grave!

From that great Golgotha we went forth together; and, unheeded by the bustling crowd, proceeded sadly to our now desolate chamber, where we sat down and gazed vacantly around the cheerless room. One by one the old familiar objects attracted our notice. Among other articles, a little saucepan remained on the extinguished embers in the grate, with rice and milk burned to its bottom! This was what my mother was preparing for me against my return from bathing, and the sight renewed my remembrances of her care, which it so happened was exercised for me in her latest moments. I afterwards was informed that she was found lying cold on the floor, by a young man who passed our room-door, on the way to his own, and saw her lying there. She seemed to have been engaged in splitting a piece of pine-wood with a knife, and it is supposed that, whilst stooping over it and forcing down the knife, she was seized with apoplexy, and immediately expired.

Whilst we were sadly contemplating our situation and circumstances, and calling to mind many sayings and doings of our lost mother, I began to think about our future course, and said to my sister, 'Now, Mary, what shall we do?' She remarked something, I forget what; and I, in turn, made an observation, to the effect, as well as I can remember, that we could take all our furniture on our backs! when we, both of us, broke out into a violent fit of laughter, which lasted for several minutes; and I never, either before or since, remember to have been so entirely unable to control myself. It was a strange thing to hear that hitherto silent chamber, in which, for hours, we had scarcely spoken above a whisper, echoing such unaccustomed sounds, but so it was; and I am unable to explain why, unless it be on the principle of reaction. And yet it was not the laugh of joy, but more like the fearfully hysterical mirth of sad-

dened hearts, in which, for the time, all the feelings of youth had been imprisoned, but by one wild effort had broken forth, shouting with natural but unbidden glee.

On that Wednesday night, I could not bear to remain in the house, so I sauntered out, and passed the long hours of darkness in the streets; — to lie down I felt was impossible, so great was my weight of woe. The next day I passed wearily enough, and at night I procured a little sleep; but from the afternoon of my mother's death, not a morsel of food had passed my lips. I loathed food, and it was not until the Friday evening that I was persuaded to take any. Every thing about us so forcibly and painfully reminded us of her we had lost, that my sister and myself determined to remove from our lodgings; and, having disposed of our feather-bed and a few little matters to the woman of the house, we paid a week's board in advance at a house in Spring street. I now began to feel the effects of my night-watchings and neglect of food, and was taken so sick, that a city physician attended me for three or four days. As soon as I recovered, I inquired for my old and kind friends, the Egberts. They were in the city, and I proceeded to their house, in Suffolk street, where I was received cordially, and kindly nursed, with all the care of a mother and sister, during the weak time which followed my indisposition. My sister and I had separated, as she boarded where she worked, in the upper part of the city.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered, I scraped together what money I could, and went on a visit to the family with whom I left England. With them I remained two months, and received many condolences on the subject of my mother's death and my lonely situation; but after, and, indeed, during this time, I could not help feeling that my absence would not be regretted, so I made preparations for quitting

them. Whilst in the country, I spent a few days with Mr. Elijah Hunt, who, together with Mrs. Hunt, were extremely kind to me. As my wearing apparel was getting shabby, Mr. Hunt, in the kindest manner, provided me with a twenty-five dollar suit, trusting to my honor for repayment when it lay in my power. Never shall I forget the kindness of him and his family to me at that time. I started for New York about September, and there went to work for Mr. John Gladding, who always behaved kindly towards me. I boarded in Grand street; and about this time laid the foundation of many of my future sorrows.

I possessed a tolerably good voice, and sang pretty well, having also the faculty of imitation rather strongly developed; and, being well stocked with amusing stories, I got introduced into the society of thoughtless and dissipated young men, to whom my talents made me welcome. These companions were what is termed respectable, but they drank. I now began to attend the theatres frequently, and felt ambitious of strutting *my* hour upon the stage. By slow but sure degrees I forgot the lessons of wisdom which my mother had taught me, lost all relish for the great truths of religion, neglected my devotions, and considered an actor's situation to be the *ne plus ultra* of greatness. I well remember, in my early days, having entertained, through the influence of my mother, a horror of theatres; and once, as I walked up the Bowery, and watched the multitudes passing to and fro from the steps of the play-house there, which I had mounted for the sake of a better view of the busy scene, this passage of Scripture came to my recollection, 'The glory of the Lord shall cover the face of the earth as the waters cover the sea;' and I mentally offered up a prayer that that time might speedily arrive. Not very long afterwards, so low had I fallen and so desperately had I backslidden, that at the very

door of that same theatre, which I had, five years before, wished destroyed, as a temple of sin, I stood applying for a situation as actor and comic singer! No longer did I wish a church should be built on the site of the theatre; that very place of entertainment had become at first a chosen, and now, to support excitement, an almost necessary, place of resort. I afterwards performed at the Franklin Theatre, under the assumed name of Gilbert, which my mother bore before she married, when a comic song of mine was so encored that I was encouraged to pursue the course I entered on, but I did not at that time.

During this period, I worked pretty steadily at my business, but such were my growing habits of dissipation, that, although receiving five dollars a week, I squandered every cent away, and was continually in debt. My proceedings, too, became characterized by a hitherto unfelt recklessness. One morning a young man came to me and informed me that a great fire had broken out down the street. (I had belonged to a volunteer fire-engine company, and also to a dramatic society, which held their meetings at the corner of Anthony street and Broadway, and which had greatly tended to increase my habits of irregularity.) I passed by the information lightly and selfishly, saying, 'Let it burn on, it wont hurt me.' When I had finished my breakfast, some one informed me the fire was in the neighborhood of the shop where I worked. This alarmed me; and I proceeded towards my place of business, where I arrived just in time to see the flames bursting through the workshop windows. By this disaster, although I had so little anticipated it, I lost what I could ill afford, an overcoat and some books; and worse than this, I was thrown out of employment; so that I *was* injured by the fire, which I had so confidently thought 'could not hurt me.'

Mr. Gladding, after the fire, determining to remove to Bristol, Rhode Island, and set up in business there, invited me to accompany him. I therefore left New York, and remained in his employ for about a year, during which time nothing of importance transpired. In February or March, 1837, however, Mr. Gladding failed, and as I was again obliged to seek for occupation, I proceeded to Providence, and there continued my drinking habits. I succeeded in procuring work at Mr. Brown's, in Market Row, and experienced much kindness at his hands. Here I might, and ought, to have done well, but for my unfortunate habits of dissipation, which gradually increased, and which were every day treasuring up misery for me.

It happened that, at this time, a company of actors were performing at Providence. I got acquainted with them, and being strongly advised by them to make an essay on the stage, I acceded to their wishes and followed my own inclinations with respect to the matter. It could not be expected that, connected with the stage, I could follow steadily a more sober occupation. Nor did I; for I worked only at uncertain intervals, frequently was absent for days together, and, as a necessary consequence, incurred the displeasure of my employer, who soon after discharged me from his shop, on the ground of inattention to my business, although I was acknowledged by him to be an excellent workman. I now entirely gave myself up to the stage, and gained some reputation for the manner in which I performed a low line of character. Brilliant, however, as I thought my prospects to be, I was doomed to disappointment; for, before long, the theatre came to a close, and I, in common with the other members of the company, failed to receive remuneration for my services. Thus was I again thrown on my own resources, and, with a tarnished reputa-



tion, my situation was far worse than it had hitherto been. I tried to obtain employment, but none could I obtain; and although I wished to get out of the town, I was unable to do so from want of funds. My clothes had grown shabby, and I was guiltless of wearing more than one suit. Worse than this, my appetite for strong drink was increasing, and becoming a confirmed habit—the effect of almost unlimited indulgence. I was now reduced to absolute want. My boarding-house account had assumed an unpleasant aspect, and, more than once, had I received threatening notices to quit. One night I was reduced to extremities, and so poorly was I off, that I was compelled to wander about the streets, from night until almost morning, in order to keep myself warm. In pure desperation, I repaired to one of the very lowest class of hotels, where I obtained a miserable lodging. It happened, at this time, that a person visited Providence who wanted to engage some performers for a theatre which was to open, for a short season, in Boston. To this person, whose name was Barry (and who, afterwards, was lost, with his whole stock company, whilst going to Texas), I was introduced; and he was, at the same time, informed of my necessity. Mr. Barry, with a kindness, which was well meant, said he would take me to Boston with him, on his own responsibility, and use his influence in my behalf. I left Providence, on a Sunday morning, and succeeded in getting an engagement in Boston. During this time, my sister was working at her trade in Providence. I performed low comedy parts, until the theatre closed, in 1837, when I was again deprived of pay, and once more thrown, like a football, on the world's great highway, at the mercy of every passing foot. My appearance was now shabby enough, as that of a strolling player generally is. All my little stock of money was spent as

fast as I received it; and, once more, I was absolutely in want. Like many others, similarly circumstanced to myself, I experienced, in my adversity, kindness from woman. A Mrs. Fox, with whom I boarded, was quite aware of my destitute situation, and benevolently afforded me a home and subsistence until I could once more obtain work. This I at last did, at Mr. Benjamin Bradley's, and in his employ I continued until the month of January, 1838, when I was discharged. The reason assigned by Mr. Bradley, for my dismissal, was what might have been expected from a knowledge of my habits. He said I was too shabby in appearance for a shop, and it was his opinion, as well as that of others, that I drank too much. I had paid my board at Mrs. Fox's up to that time, but was now again without a cent, and was in the depths of trouble, until I accidentally heard that a person at Newburyport was in want of a binder, to whom he was willing to give six dollars a week wages. Small as was this remuneration, I need scarcely say that I eagerly accepted the offered salary, and travelling, partly by stages, and partly in cars, entered Newburyport late in the evening of the 30th of January. The next morning I commenced work in my new situation, and, for a few weeks, by a desperate effort, I managed to keep free from the intoxicating cup. I was now comparatively steady, and gave satisfaction to my employer; but this state of things, unhappily did not last long, for, I regret to say, I had a longing for society, and soon formed an acquaintance with companions who were calculated to destroy any resolutions of amendment which I had formed. I joined a fire-engine company, and, before long, I was again on the high-road of dissipation, neglecting my business, destroying my reputation, which was already damaged, and injuring my health.

Work grew slack towards the July of that year, and, as

I could not earn sufficient to support myself at my trade, I embraced another occupation, and entered into an arrangement, with the captain of a fishing-boat, to go a voyage with him down Chaleur bay. My sea experiences were somewhat severe, as will presently be seen; but as there was no rum on board, I was forced to keep sober, and that at least, saved me a considerable amount of suffering. When, however, I went on shore, I made up for my forced abstinence by pottle-deep potations, and my visit to another vessel was generally accompanied by a carousal, if rum was by any means to be obtained. In consequence of what is commonly called a 'spree,' my life was, at one time, placed in considerable jeopardy. Several of our crew, with myself, had been on board a neighbouring vessel, and, on our return at night, I was, as might be expected, very drunk. The boat was rowed to the side of our craft, and I was so much intoxicated, that, unnoticed, I lay at the bottom of the boat. As customary, when the rest of the crew got on board, the hook was fastened in the bow of the boat, which was drawn up. In consequence of this, as the bow was hoisted with a jerk, I was flung violently, from where I was lying, to the stern, and the force of the blow effectually awakened me. I called out, and alarmed my companions, just in time to prevent being thrown overboard; and was soon rescued from my perilous position. It seemed that they had not noticed me in the boat when they left it, and supposed, in the dark scramble, I had got safely on board. So was my life again saved by an all-wise Providence; but I was so closely wrapped up in my garb of thoughtlessness, that I passed by the matter with little thought or thankfulness.

And yet, at this time, I did not consider myself to be what in reality I was—a drunkard. Well enough did I know,

from bitter experience, that character, situations, and health, had been periled, in consequence of my love of ardent spirits. I felt, too, an aching void in my breast, and conscience frequently told me that I was on the broad road to ruin; but that I was what all men despised, and I, among them, detested, I could not bring myself to believe. I would frame many excuses for myself—plead my own cause before myself, as judge and jury, until I obtained, at my own hands, a willing acquittal. O! how little does the young man dream that he is deceiving himself, though not others, whilst pursuing so fatal a course as was mine. He, as I did, abhors the name of ‘drunkard,’ whilst no other word so aptly and accurately defines his position.

The purpose of our voyage having been answered we prepared for our homeward sail, and were making for port when a violent storm burst over us. It was a Southeaster, and in our perilous position off Cape Sable none of us expected to weather it. For hours we expected to go to the bottom, and scarce a hope remained to cheer us, the captain having given up every thing for lost. We could discern the sea breaking violently over the Brazil rock four miles and a half off from us, and we were rapidly drifting to the coast; but in that dreadful season, strange to tell, I suffered but very little, if any thing, from alarm or anxiety. What to attribute this feeling, or rather absence of feeling to, I know not; but so it was, that owing to callousness or some other cause, I felt not the slightest fear, although some old ‘Salts’ were dreadfully anxious, and prayed in agonizing accents for deliverance. I sat as calmly as ever I remember to have done in my life whilst wave after wave dashed over the frail vessel, making every timber creak, and her whole frame to quiver as if with mortal agony. By the mercy of God, however, the wind

shifted to the westward, and by means of the only rag of a sail which remained to us we managed to crawl off. Next morning at daylight having discovered land we made towards it, and about noon anchored in Shelburne bay, Nova Scotia, where we remained long enough to replace a lost sail, and repair our damaged vessel. We soon set sail once more, and I arrived in Newburyport on the first Sunday in November, glad enough to be freed from my imprisonment for three and a half months in a small vessel of fifty tons burden.

Once more on land I engaged to work at my own business, and did so for some time with Mr. Tilton. Not long afterwards I entered into the matrimonial state, and commenced housekeeping, having earned money sufficient by my fishing voyage to purchase some neat furniture. In my new condition I might have done well, for I had every prospect of success, had it not been for my craving after society, which in spite of having a home of my own I still felt. Alas! forgetful of a husband's home duties I again became involved in a dissipated social network, whose fatal meshes too surely entangled me, and unfitted me for that active exertion which was now rendered doubly necessary. I continued at my work until the month of June, when business becoming slack, I again went on a fishing excursion with my wife's brother, the captain of the boat, into the Bay of Fundy. We were away this time for only six weeks, and returned in safety, without having encountered any thing worthy of note.

During my residence at Newburyport, my early serious impressions on one occasion in a measure revived, and I felt some stings of conscience for my neglect of the Sabbath and religious observances. I recommenced attending a place of worship, and for a short time I

attended the Rev. Mr. Campbell's church, by whom, as well as by several of his members, I was treated with much Christian kindness. I was often invited to Mr. Campbell's house, as well as to those of some of his hearers, and it seemed as if a favorable turning-point or crisis in my fortunes had arrived. Mr. Campbell was good enough to manifest a very great interest in my welfare, and frequently experienced a hope that I should be enabled, although late in life, to obtain an education. And this I might have acquired had not my evil genius prevented my making any efforts to obtain so desirable an end. My desire for strong liquors and company seemed to present an insuperable barrier against all improvement; and, after a few weeks, every aspiration after better things had ceased, every bud of promised comfort was crushed. Again I grieved the Spirit which had been striving with my spirit, and ere long became even more addicted to the use of the infernal draughts which had already wrought me so much woe, than at any previous period of my existence.

And now my circumstances began to be desperate indeed. In vain were all my efforts to obtain work, and at last I became so reduced, that at times I did not know, when one meal was ended, where on the face of the broad earth I should find another. Further mortification awaited me, and by slow degrees I became aware of it. The young men with whom I had associated in bar-rooms and parlors, and who wore a little better clothing than I could afford to put on, one after another began to drop my acquaintance. If I walked in the public streets I too quickly perceived the cold look, the averted eye, the half recognition,—and to a sensitive spirit, such as I possessed, such treatment was almost past endurance. To add to the mortification, caused by such treatment, it happened that those who had

laughed the loudest at my songs and stories, and who had been social enough with me in the bar-room, were the very individuals who seemed most ashamed of my acquaintance. I felt that I was shunned by the respectable portion of the community also, and once, on asking a lad to accompany me in a walk, he informed me that his father had cautioned him against associating with me. This was a cutting reproof, and I felt it more deeply than words can express. And could I wonder at it? No. Although I may have used bitter words against that parent, my conscience told me that he had done no more than his duty in preventing his son being influenced by my dissipated habits. Oh! how often have I laid down and bitterly remembered many who had hailed my arrival in their company as a joyous event. Then plaudits would ring in my ears, and peals of laughter ring again in my deserted chamber; then would succeed stillness only broken by the beatings of my agonized heart, which felt that the gloss of 'respectability had worn off and exposed my threadbare condition. To drown these reflections I would drink, not from love of the taste of the liquor, but to become so stupefied by its fumes as to steep my sorrows in a half oblivion; and from this miserable stupor I would wake to a fuller consciousness of my situation, and again would I banish my reflections by liquor.

It has been said, that no one is ever utterly forlorn and friendless. Whether this be the case or not, it is not for me to decide. In my own case, and in what seemed my last extremity, I obtained some assistance. There resided in Newburyport a countryman of mine, named Low. He was an Englishman, and perhaps felt some interest in me as an old-countryman. Mr. Low was a warm-hearted and generous-minded man, and perceiving that I possessed

some abilities, which he regretted to see thrown away, he very kindly manifested a desire to afford me assistance. He was a rum-seller, and I had spent many a shilling at his bar, so that he had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with my 'ways and means.' It occurred to me, that if I could get some tools, it was just possible I might get into business, and, by perseverance and sobriety, succeed in redeeming myself from the fallen state I was in, and, in some measure, at least, retrieve my fallen, ruined fortunes. Mr. Low assisted me very materially in my endeavors to regain a respectable position in society, by furnishing me with sufficient funds for procuring tools, so that I might work on my own account.

Despite of all that had occurred, my good name was not so far gone, but that I might have succeeded, by the aid of common industry and attention, in my business. I was a good workman, found no difficulty in procuring employment, and, I have not the slightest doubt, should have succeeded in my endeavors to get on in the world, but for my unhappy love of stimulating drinks, and my craving for society. I was now my own master — all restraint was removed, and, as might be expected, I did as I pleased in my own shop. I became careless, was often in the bar-room, or carousing in the parlor, when I should have been at my bindery; and, instead of spending my evenings at home, in reading or conversation, they were, almost invariably, passed in the company of the rum bottle, which became almost my sole household deity. Five months only did I remain in business, and, during that short period, I gradually sunk deeper and deeper in the scale of degradation. I was now the slave of a habit which had become completely my master, and which fastened its remorseless fangs in my very vitals. Thought was a torturing thing. When I looked



back, Memory drew fearful pictures, in lines of lurid flame ; and, whenever I dared anticipate the future, Hope refused to illumine my onward path. I dwelt in one awful present. Nothing to solace me — nothing to beckon me onwards to a better state. I knew, full well, that I was proceeding on a downward course, and crossing the sea of Time, as it were, on a bridge perilous as that over which Mahomet's followers are said to enter Paradise. A terrible feeling was ever present, that some evil was impending, which would soon fall on my devoted head ; and I would shudder, as if the sword of Damocles, suspended by its single hair, was about to fall, and utterly destroy me.

Warnings were not wanting ; but they had no voice of terror for me. I was intimately acquainted with a young man in the town, and well remember his coming to my shop one morning, and asking the loan of ninepence, with which to buy rum. I let him have the money, and the spirit was soon consumed. He begged me to lend him a second ninepence, but I refused ; yet, during my temporary absence, he drank some spirit of wine, which was in a bottle in the shop, and used by me in my business. He went away, and the next I heard of him was, that he had died shortly afterwards. Such an awful circumstance as this might well have impressed me ; but habitual indulgence had almost rendered me proof against salutary impressions. I was, to tell the truth, at this time, deeper in degradation than at any period, before or since, which I can remember.

My custom now was, to purchase my brandy, which, in consequence of my limited means, was of the very worst description, and keep it at the shop, where, by little and little, I drank it, and continually kept myself in a state of excitement. This course of proceeding entirely unfitted me for business, and it not unfrequently happened, when I

had books to bind, that I would, instead of attending to business, keep my customers waiting, whilst in the company of dissolute companions. I drank during the whole day, to the complete ruin of my prospects in life. So entirely did I give myself up to the bottle, that those of my companions who fancied they still possessed some claims to respectability, gradually withdrew from my company. At my house, too, I used to keep a bottle of gin, which was in constant requisition. Indeed, go where I would, stimuli I must, and did, have. Such a slave was I to the bottle, that I resorted to it continually, and in vain was every effort, which I occasionally made, to conquer the debasing habit. I had become a father; but God, in his mercy, removed my little one at so early an age, that I did not feel the loss as much as if it had lived longer, to engage my affections.

A circumstance now transpired, which attracted my attention, and led me to consider my situation, and whither I was hurrying. A lecture was advertised, to be delivered by the first reformed drunkard, Mr. J. J. Johnson, who visited Newburyport, and I was invited by some friends, who seemed to feel an interest, to attend, and hear what he had to say. I determined, after some consideration, to go, and hear what was to be said on the subject. The meeting was held at the Reverend Mr. Campbell's church, which was greatly crowded. I went, and heard the speaker depict, in forcible and graphic terms, the misery of the drunkard, and the awful consequences of his conduct, both as they affected himself, and those connected with him. My conscience told me that the truth was spoken by the lecturer, for what had I not suffered from intemperance? I remained only about ten minutes, and, as I left the chapel, a young man offered me the pledge to sign. I actually turned

to sign it, but, at that critical moment, the appetite for strong drink, as if determined to have the mastery over me, came in all its force, and remembering, too, just then, that I had a pint of brandy at home, I deferred signing, and put off, to a 'more convenient season,' a proceeding which might have saved me so much after sorrow. I however compromised the matter with my conscience, by inwardly resolving that I would drink up what spirit I had by me, and then *think* of leaving off the use of the accursed liquid altogether.

'Think of it!' O! had I *then acted*, what misery would have been spared me in after days. One would have imagined that I had had my fill of misery, and been glad to have hailed and grasp any saving hand which might be held out. But, O! such was the dominion which rum had over me, that I was led captive by it, as at will. It had impaired every energy, and almost destroyed the desire to be better than I was. I was debased in my own eyes, and, having lost my self-respect, became a poor, abject being, scarcely worth attempting to reform. *Did I think* of it? O, no. I forgot the impressions made upon me by the speaker at the meeting I have alluded to. Still I madly drained the inebriating cup, and speedily my state was worse than ever. O, no, I soon ceased to think about it, for my master passion, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up every thought and feeling, opposed to it, which I possessed.

My business grew gradually worse, and, at length, my constitution became so impaired, that, even when I had the will, I did not possess the power to provide for my daily wants. My hands would, at times, tremble so, that I could not perform the finer operations of my business—the finishing and gilding. How could I letter straight with a

hand burning and shaking, from the effects of a debauch? Sometimes, when it was absolutely necessary to finish off some work, I have entered the shop with a stern determination not to drink a single drop until I completed it. I have bitterly felt, that my failing was a matter of common conversation in the town, and a burning sense of shame would flush my fevered brow, at the conviction that I was scorned by the respectable portion of the community. But these feelings passed away, like the morning cloud or the early dew, and I pursued my old course.

To what shifts was I reduced, in order to conceal my habit of using intoxicating drinks! Frequently have I taken a pitcher, with a pint of new rum in it, purchased at some obscure groggery, and put about one third as much water as there was spirit in it, at the town pump, in the Market square, in order to induce persons to think that I drank water alone. This mixture I would take to my shop, and, for days and days together, it would be my only beverage. In consequence of this habit, I would frequently fall asleep, or, if awake, be in so half torpid a state, that work, or exertion of any kind, was quite out of the question; and, after an indulgence in this practice for some time, I was compelled to remain at home, from sheer inability to enter on active duty. I grew, of course, poorer and poorer, and my days dragged wearily on. At times, I almost wished that my life, and its miseries, would close.

The reader will remember, that I have before referred to my sister. She had been for some time married, and was then residing at Providence, Rhode Island. One day, I received a letter from her, in which she stated that she was severely afflicted with salt rheum, and requested my wife would visit her, for the purpose of nursing her and her infant. My wife deciding on going. I accompanied her to the

cars, and then returned home. It was the first time, since our marriage, that we had ever been separated, and the house to me looked lonely and desolate. I thought I would not go to work, and a great inducement, to remain at home, existed in the shape of my enemy, West India rum, of which I had nearly a gallon in the house. Although the morning was by no means far advanced, I sat down, intending to do nothing until dinner time. I could not sit alone, without rum, and I drank, glass after glass, until I became so stupefied, that I was compelled to lie down on the bed, where I soon fell asleep. When I awoke, it was late in the afternoon, and then, as I persuaded myself, too late to make a bad day's work good. I invited a neighbor, who, like myself, was a man of intemperate habits, to spend the evening with me. He came, and we sat down to our rum, and drank together freely, until late that night, when he staggered home; and so intoxicated was I, that, in moving to go to bed, I fell over the table, broke a lamp, and lay on the floor for some time, unable to rise. At last, I managed to get to bed; but, O! I did not sleep, for the drunkard never knows the blessings of undisturbed repose. I awoke in the night, with a raging thirst. My mouth was parched, and my throat was burning; and I anxiously groped about the room, trying to find more rum, in which I sought to quench my dreadful thirst. No sooner was one draught taken, than the horrible dry feeling returned; and so I went on, swallowing repeated glassfuls of the spirit, until, at last, I had drained the very last drop which the jar contained. My appetite grew by what it fed on; and, having a little money by me, I with difficulty got up, made myself look as tidy as possible, and then went out to buy more rum, with which I returned to the house. The fact will, perhaps, seem incredible, but so it was, that I drank spirits

continually, without tasting a morsel of food, for the next three days. This could not last long; a constitution of iron strength could not endure such treatment, and mine was partially broken down by previous dissipation.

I began to experience a feeling, hitherto unknown to me. After the three days drinking, to which I have just referred, I felt, one night, as I lay on my bed, an awful sense of something dreadful coming upon me. It was as if I had been partially stunned, and now, in an interval of consciousness, was about to have the fearful blow, which had prostrated me, repeated. There was a craving for sleep, sleep, blessed sleep! but my eyelids were as if they could not close. Every object around me, I beheld with startling distinctness, and my hearing became unnaturally acute. Then, to the singing and roaring in my ears, would suddenly succeed a silence, so awful, that only the stillness of the grave might be compared with it. At other times, strange voices would whisper unintelligible words, and the slightest noise would make me start, like a guilty thing. But the horrible, burning thirst was insupportable, and, to quench it, and induce sleep, I clutched, again and again, the rum-bottle, hugged my enemy, and poured the infernal fluid down my parched throat. But it was of no use — none. I could not sleep. Then I bethought me of tobacco; and, staggering from my bed to a shelf near, with great difficulty I managed to procure a pipe and some matches. I could not stand to light the latter, so I lay again on the bed, and scraped one against the wall. I began to smoke, and the narcotic leaf produced a stupefaction. I dosed a little; but, feeling a warmth on my face, I awoke, and discovered my pillow to be on fire! I had dropped a lighted match on the bed. By a desperate effort, I threw the pillow from the bed, and, too exhausted to feel annoyed by the burning

feathers, I sank again into a state of somnolency. How long I lay, I do not exactly know, but I was roused from my lethargy by the neighbors, who, alarmed by a smell of fire, came to my room to ascertain the cause. When they took me from my bed, the under part of the straw with which it was stuffed was smouldering, and, in a quarter of an hour more, must have burst into a flame. Had such been the case, how horrible would have been my fate, for it is more than probable that, in my half-senseless condition, I should have been suffocated, or burned to death. The fright produced by this accident, and very narrow escape, in some degree sobered me; but what I felt more than any thing else, was the exposure. Now, all would be known, and I feared my name would become, more than ever, a by-word and a reproach.

Will it be believed that I again sought refuge in rum? Scarcely had I recovered from the fright than I sent out, procured a pint of rum, and drank it all in less than half an hour? Yet so it was. And now came upon me many terrible sensations. Cramps attacked me in my limbs which racked me with agony, and my temples throbbed as if they would burst. So ill was I, that I became seriously alarmed and begged the people of the house to send for a physician. They did so, but I immediately repented having summoned him, and endeavored, but ineffectually, to get out of his way when he arrived. He saw at a glance what was the matter with me, ordered the persons about me to watch me carefully, and on no account to let me have any spirituous liquors. Every thing stimulating was rigorously denied me, and then came on the drunkard's remorseless Torturer—delirium tremens, in all its terrors, attacked me.

For three days I endured more agony than pen could describe, even were it guided by the mind of a Danté.

Who can tell the horrors of that horrible malady, aggravated as it is by the almost ever-abiding consciousness that it is self-sought. Hideous faces appeared on the walls, and on the ceiling, and on the floors; foul things crept along the bed-clothes, and glaring eyes peered into mine. I was at one time surrounded by millions of monstrous spiders, who crawled slowly; slowly over every limb, whilst the beaded drops of perspiration would start to my brow, and my limbs would shiver until the bed rattled again. Strange lights would dance before my eyes, and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness would appal me by its dense gloom. All at once, whilst gazing at a frightful creation of my distempered mind, I seemed struck with sudden blindness. I knew a candle was burning in the room, but I could not see it. All was so pitchy dark. I lost the sense of feeling too, for I endeavored to grasp my arm in one hand, but consciousness was gone. I put my hand to my side, my head, but felt nothing, and still I knew my limbs and frame *were* there. And then the scene would change. I was falling — falling swiftly as an arrow far down into some terrible abyss, and so like reality was it that as I fell I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, jibing, mowing, fiendlike forms were perched; and I could feel the air rushing past me making my hair stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast. Then the paroxysm sometimes ceased for a few moments and I would sink back on my pallet drenched with perspiration, utterly exhausted, and feeling a dreadful certainty of the renewal of my torments.

By the mercy of God I survived this awful seizure; and when I rose a weak, broken-down man, and surveyed my ghastly features in a glass, I thought of my mother, and asked myself how I had obeyed the instructions I had re-



ceived from her lips, and to what advantage I had turned the lessons she taught me. I remembered her countless prayers and tears, thought of what I had been but a few short months before, and contrasted my situation with what it then was. Oh! how keen were my own rebukes; and in the excitement of the moment I resolved to lead a better life, and abstain from the accursed wine-cup. For about a month, terrified by what I had suffered, I adhered to my resolution; then my wife came home, and in my joy at her return, I flung my good resolutions to the wind, and foolishly fancying that I could now restrain my appetite, which had for a whole month remained in subjection, I took a glass of brandy.

That glass aroused the slumbering demon, who would not be satisfied by so tiny a libation. Another, and another succeeded, until I was again far advanced in the career of intemperance. The night of my wife's return I went to bed intoxicated. I will not detain the reader by the particulars of my every-day life at this time; they may easily be imagined from what has already been stated. My previous bitter experience, one would think, may have operated as a warning, but none save the inebriate can tell the almost resistless strength of the temptations which assail him.

I did not, however, make quite so deep a plunge as before. My tools I had given into the hands of Mr. Gray, for whom I worked, and received at the rate of five dollars a week. My wages were paid me every night, for I was not to be trusted with much money at a time, so certain was I to spend a great portion of it in drink. As it was, I regularly got rid of one third of what I daily received for rum. I soon left Mr. Gray, under the following circumstances. There was an exhibition of the Battle of Bunker

Hill to be opened in the town, and the manager knowing that I had a good voice and sung pretty well, thought my comic singing would constitute an attraction; so he engaged me to give songs every evening, and to assist in the general business of the Diorama. In this occupation I continued about three weeks or a month, and when the exhibition closed in Newburyport, by invitation, I remained with the proprietor and proceeded with him to Lowell. As it was uncertain when I should return, the manager wishing me to travel with him, I sold off what few articles of furniture yet remained in my possession, and my wife arranged to stay, during my absence, with her sister. I stayed in the town of Lowell for the space of three months, my habits of intemperance increasing, as might be expected, for in a wandering life my outbreaks were not so much noticed as when I was residing at home. As had been the case often before, rum claimed nearly all my attention, and consequently the business I was called upon to perform was entirely neglected or carelessly attended to. On several occasions when I repaired to the place where the Diorama was exhibited, I was in such a state that I could do nothing required of me, and severe were the rebukes I received in consequence from my employer. These remarks incensed me highly, and only made me drink more, so that ere long my name and that of an incorrigible drunkard were synonymous. We next proceeded to Worcester, and there remained a fortnight I experienced great difficulty in procuring the meagre salary which was promised me, and many privations had I to endure in consequence; my stock of wearing apparel was scanty enough, and hardly fit to appear in the street. This was in the month of October, and as the winter was drawing on fast, I miserably contemplated what

my situation would be through the approaching severe season. Want and cold appeared before me in all their frightful realities, and I again resolved to abstain from the maddening influences which governed me with despotic rule.

I sent to my wife, requesting her to return, and transmitted her three dollars, for her expenses to Worcester, being the first money I had sent to her for four months, except five dollars which I received as part of the proceeds of a concert I gave at Lowell. I adhered, in a great measure, to my resolution not to become intoxicated, and had written to my wife, telling her of my determination to reform. On the day I expected her to return home, I met with an acquaintance, who asked me to stroll about with him, in order that he might see the town. We drank together; and our walk ended by my getting drunk, and forgetting the good resolutions which I had made. In the evening, when I was reeling along from the hotel towards the exhibition, I chanced to see a stage, and approached it, in order to see if my wife was there. She had arrived; and I took her with me to the hotel, where she discovered I had been drinking, and when she reminded me of the promise I had made her to abandon the destructive habit, I felt thoroughly ashamed of my weakness. I then went to the performance, and managed to get through my work. Soon after this, I quitted the service of the proprietor of the Diorama; and, putting as sober a face upon matters as I could, I applied to Messrs. Hutchinson and Crosby for employment. These gentlemen agreed to take me on trial, stating that, if they were satisfied with my work, they would engage me. My work was approved of; and, once more installed in a good situation, I had a chance of pushing my fortune.

My wife now began to exhibit symptoms of declining health, and my prospects as before were none of the brightest. I managed to keep my situation, and fancied that my intemperate habits were known only to myself, as I carefully avoided any open or flagrant violation of propriety;—but drunkenness, more than any other vice, cannot long be hidden. It seems as if the very walls whispered it; and there is scarcely an action of the drinking man which does not betray him. I did not, however, long remain cautious; for one morning, after having drank freely the evening before, I felt unable to work, and was compelled to remain at home during that day and the next. All my property, which I could by any means render available, I had disposed of, in order to procure money for purchasing drink; and the man in whose house I boarded, having watched my proceedings with a very vigilant and interested eye, became, I suppose, fearful that I should not be able to pay for my board, and informed my employers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Crosby, that I was detained at home in consequence of what is called a drunken spree. I do not think the information was given from any motive of kindness towards myself, but believe it was a selfish motive which prompted the interference.

I felt wretched enough when I proceeded to the shop to resume my work. Mr. Hutchinson was a man of great moral purity of character, but he had a strong hatred of intemperance, and looked not very lightly on my transgression. As soon as he saw me, he sternly informed me that he did not want any men in his employ who were in the habit of being the worse for liquor; and threatened me with instant dismissal, should I ever again neglect my business for the bottle. I assured him that he should not again have occasion to complain of my inebriety, and I inwardly resolv-

ed to profit by the warning I had received. Having a sick wife, and being almost utterly destitute of means, reflection would force itself upon me. I was startled at the idea of her and myself coming to want, entirely in consequence of my evil habit, and I resolved again to attempt the work of reformation.

In order to render myself less liable to temptation, and to avoid the dissipated society which I was constantly falling into at the hotel, where I lived, I left it, and engaged board at the house of a gentleman, who happened to be the president of a temperance society. Here I attempted to restrain my appetite for drink, but the struggle was terrible; so mighty a power would not be conquered without contesting every inch of his dominion; and I, trusting to my own strength, assailed it with but a feeble weapon. I felt as if I *could* not do without the draughts which I had been so long accustomed to, and yet I was ashamed to display the weakness which prompted me to indulge in them. To procure liquor, I was compelled to resort to every kind of stratagem, and the services of my inventive faculties were in constant requisition. Many a time would I steal out, when no one noticed me, and proceed, with a bottle in my pocket, to the farthest extremity of the town, where I would purchase a supply of rum, which I would take home with me. Occasionally I would procure spirit at the apothecary's shop, alleging, as an excuse, that it was required in a case of sickness; and the pint I would generally divide into three portions, one of which I took in the morning, another at noon, and the remainder I disposed of in the evening. My habits were not naturally of a deceptive character, and I always felt degraded in my own esteem, whenever I had occasion to resort to the expedients I have mentioned,—but what will not a drunkard do, in order to procure the

stimulus he so ardently desires? Have it I would, and get it I did; and I always seemed to desire it the more when the difficulty of procuring it was increased.

My wardrobe, as had, indeed, been nearly always the case with me whilst I drank to excess, was now exceedingly shabby, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could manage to procure the necessaries of life. My wife became very ill. O! how miserable I became. Some of the females who were in attendance on my wife, told me to get two quarts of rum. I procured it, and as it was in the house, and I did not anticipate serious consequences, I could not withstand the strong temptation to drink. I did drink, and so freely, that the usual effect was produced. How much I swallowed, I cannot tell, but the quantity, judging from the effects it produced, must have been considerable.

Ten long, weary days of suspense passed, at the end of which my wife and her infant both died. Then came the terribly oppressive feeling, that I was utterly alone in the world; and it seemed, almost, that I was forgotten of God, as well as abandoned by man. All the consciousness of my dreadful situation pressed heavily indeed upon me, and keenly as a sensitive mind could, did I feel the loss I had experienced. I drank, now, to dispel my gloom, or to drown it in the maddening cup; and soon was it whispered, from one to another, until the whole town became aware of it, that my wife and child were lying dead, and that I was drunk! But if ever I was cursed with the faculty of thought, in all its intensity, it was then. And this was the degraded condition of one who had been nursed on the lap of piety, and whose infant tongue had been taught to utter a prayer against being led into temptation. There, in the room where all who had loved me were lying in the uncon-

scious slumber of death, was I gazing, with a maudlin melancholy imprinted on my features, on the dead forms of those who were flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. During the miserable hours of darkness, I would steal from my lonely bed to the place where my dead wife and child lay, and, in agony of soul, pass my shaking hand over their cold faces, and then return to my bed, after a draught of rum, which I had obtained, and hidden under the pillow of my wretched couch. At such times, all the events of the past would return, with terrible distinctness, to my recollection, and many a time did I wish to die, for Hope had well nigh deserted me, both with respect to this world and the next. I had apostatized from those pure principles which once I embraced, and was now —

‘A wandering, wretched, worn, and weary thing,  
Ashamed to ask, and yet I needed help.’

I will not dwell on this painful portion of my career, but simply remark, that all the horrors, which I believe man could bear, were endured by me at that dreary time. My frame was enervated, my reputation gone; all my prospects were blighted, and misery seemed to have poured out all her vials on my devoted head. The funerals of my wife and child being over, I knew not what course to pursue, for, wherever I went, I failed not to see the slow moving finger of scorn pointed at me, and I writhed in agony, under the sense of shame which it produced. Every one looked coldly at me, and but few hesitated to sneer at my despicable condition. What *had* I done to deserve all this torturing treatment? I was naturally of a kind and humane disposition, and would turn aside from an unwillingness to hurt a worm: frequently have I reasoned with boys who inflicted cruelty on dumb animals. I would have hugged the

dog that licked my hand, and taken to my bosom, even a reptile, if I thought it loved me. What *had* I done, to make me so shunned and execrated by my kind? Conscience gave me back an answer—I drank! and in those two words lay the whole secret of my miserable condition.

It was not to be expected that, whilst I persisted in my drinking habits, I should attend to my work. My employers perceived that I neglected their interests, as well as my own, and I was informed by them that they were no longer in need of my services. What was I to do? I had incurred some debts, which I wished to discharge, and I expressed a desire to that effect. After some hesitation, I was reëngaged, on the understanding that I should receive not one farthing of money for my labors, lest it should be spent in liquor. My employers said they would purchase me tobacco, and take my letters from the post-office for me; and, under these stipulations, I went to work again. I kept, in a great degree, sober for a few days; but felt, all the time, indescribably miserable, from the consciousness that all confidence in me had been lost, and that I was a suspected man. This impression nettled me to the quick, and, ere long, I began to feel indignant of the control exercised over me. I thought that as I had battled with the world, single-handed, for twelve years, and had received nothing (with one or two exceptions) but unkindness and misery, I had a right to do as I chose, without being watched wherever I went. My proud spirit would not brook this system of espionage, so I speedily made up my mind to do as I pleased. If I wanted drink, I considered I had a perfect right to gratify my inclinations, and drink I determined to have.

Have it I did, though secretly, and to my employers it was a matter of wonder how I managed to get drunk so



often. My funds, as I said, were all expended, and I was driven by my ravenous appetite to a course which, at any other time and under any other circumstances, I should have shrunk in horror from. I had in my possession some books which I once had valued, some of them presents; and I also retained a few articles, the once highly valued mementos of dear and departed friends. As I looked eagerly over these frail remnants of what I once possessed, my all-absorbing passion for drink exercised its tyrannizing power, and one by one, until none remained, every relic was disposed of, and the proceeds arising from the sale of them spent for rum. Could there be a more striking instance of the debasing influence which alcohol exerts? Why, at one time, I would almost as soon have parted with my life as with those precious remembrancers of

‘The loved, the lost, the distant, and the dead.’

Now, however, all fine feeling was nearly obliterated from the tablet of my affections, and if I felt any pang in parting with articles I once so prized, the glass was my universal panacea. At length nothing remained on which I could raise a single cent, and I found in the lowest depths of poverty ‘a lower still.’

I have, in several parts of this narrative, referred to my vocal talents and my ventriloquial acquirements. After every other resource had failed me, in my utmost need, I was compelled, as the only means of getting a little rum, to avail myself of these aids. Accordingly, my custom was to repair to the lowest grogshops, and there I might usually be found, night after night, telling facetious stories, singing comic songs, or turning books upside down and reading them whilst they were moving round, to the great delight and wonder of a set of loafers who supplied me with

drink in return. Who would have recognized in the glibbing mountebank, the circle of a laughing, drunken crowd, the son of religious parents, one who *had* been devoted and affectionate not so very long before; one, too, who had felt and appreciated the pleasures which religion alone can bestow? At times my former condition would flash across my mind, when, in the midst of riot and revelry, conviction would fasten its quivering arrow in my heart, making it bleed again, although I was forced to hide the wound. And through the mists of memory, my mother's face would often appear, just as it was when I stood by her knee and listened to lessons of wisdom and goodness, from her loving lips. I would see her mild reproving face, and seem to hear her warning voice; and, surrounded by my riotous companions, at certain seasons, reason would struggle for the throne whence she had been driven, and I would, whilst enjoying the loud plaudits of sots,

‘ See a hand they could not see,  
Which beckoned me away.’

Sabbaths which, from my childhood, I had been taught to reverence, were now disregarded. Seldom did I enter God's house, where prayer was wont to be made, as I had done during a portion of the time I resided in New York. The day of rest was no Sabbath to me, and my usual way of spending it was to stroll into the country, where I might be alone, with a bottle of intoxicating liquid in my possession. When this was empty, I would crawl back to the town, under cover of the darkness, and close the sacred hours in some obscure groggery, in the society of those who, like myself, disregarded the command of the Almighty to keep holy the Sabbath day.

Again the dreary winter was about to resume its rigorous reign, and with horror I anticipated its approach. My stock

of clothing was failing fast. I had no flannels or woollen socks, no extra coats, and no means of procuring those absolutely necessary preservatives against the severities of an American winter. I had no hope of ever becoming a respectable man again, — not the slightest, — for it appeared to me that every chance of restoration to decent society, and of reformation, was gone forever. I wished, and fully expected, soon to die. Hope had abandoned me here, and beyond the grave nothing appeared calculated to cheer my desponding spirit. O, what a deep and stinging sense I had of my own degraded position, for my feelings were keenly alive to the ridicule and contempt which never ceased to be heaped on me. Utterly wretched and abandoned, I have stood by the railway track with a vague wish to lie across it, drink myself into oblivion, and let the cars go over me. Once I stood by the rails, with a bottle of laudanum clattering against my lips, and had nearly been a suicide; but the mercy of God interposed, and I dashed the poison on the ground, and escaped the sin of self-murder. All night long have I lain on the damp grass which covered my wife's grave, steeped to the very lips in poverty, degradation, and misery; and yet I was a young man, whose energies, had they been rightly directed, might have enabled me to surmount difficulty, and command respect.

I had long since ceased to correspond with my sister, and so careless had I become, that I never thought of communicating again with the only relative I had remaining. Frequently was I tempted to take my life, and yet I clung instinctively to existence. Sleep was often a stranger to my eyelids, and many a night would I spend in the open air, sometimes in a miserable state of inebriation, and, at other times, in a half-sober condition. All this time I often resolved that I would drink no more —

that I would break the chain which bound me, but I still continued in the same course, breaking every promise made to myself and others, and continuing an object of scorn and contempt. I felt that very few, if any, pitied me, and that any should love me was entirely out of the question. Yet was I yearning intensely for sympathy; for, as I have before stated, my affections were naturally strong and deep; and often, as I lay in my solitary chamber, feeling how low I had sunk, and that no one eye ever dropped a tear of pity over my state, or would grow dim if I were laid in the grave, I have ardently wished that I might never see the morning light. Fancy, reader, what my agony must have been, when, with the assurance that no drunkard could enter the kingdom of Heaven, I was willing, nay, anxious, for the sake of escaping the tortures to which I was subjected in this life, to risk the awful realities of the unseen world. My punishment here was greater than I could bear. I had made a whip of scorpions, which perpetually lashed me. My name was a byword. No man seemed to care for my soul. I was joined, like Israel of old, unto idols, and it seemed as if the Lord had said respecting me, 'Let him alone.'

Before I conclude this portion of my history, let me urge on every young man, whose eye may glance over these pages, to learn from my miserable state a lesson of wisdom. Let him beware of the liquor that intoxicates. Poets may sing of the Circean cup — praise in glowing terms the garlands which wreath it — wit may lend its brilliant aid to celebrate it, and even learning invest it with a charm; but when the poet's song shall have died, and the garlands have all withered; when wit shall have ceased to sparkle, and the lore of ages be an unremembered thing; the baneful *effects* of the intoxicating draught will be felt;

and then will the words of wisdom be awfully verified in the miserable doom of the drunkard :—

‘ Wine is a mocker — strong drink is raging.’

\* \* \* \*

‘ Who hath woe ? who hath sorrow ? who hath contentions ? who hath wounds without cause ? who hath redness of eyes ?

‘ They that tarry long at the wine ; they that go to seek mixed wine.

‘ Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

‘ *At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*’



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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BY JOHN. B. GOUGH.

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## PART SECOND.

HITHERTO my career had been one of almost unmitigated woe; for, with the exception of the days of my childhood, my whole life had been one perpetual struggle against poverty and misery, in its worst forms. Thrown at a tender age upon the world, I was soon taught its hard lessons. Death had robbed me of my best earthly protector, and Providence cast my lot in a land thousands of miles from the place of my birth. Temptation had assailed me, and trusting to my own strength for support, I had fallen, O, how low! In the very depths of my desolation, wife and children had been torn from my side. In the midst of thousands I was lonely, and, abandoning hope, the only refuge which seemed open for me was the grave. A dark pall overhung that gloomy abode, which shut out every ray of hope; and although death to me would have been a 'leap in the dark,' I was willing to peril my immortal soul and blindly rush into the presence of my Maker. Like a stricken deer, I had no communion with my kind. Over every door of admission into the society of my fellow-men, the words, 'No Hope,' seemed to be in-

scribed. Despair was my companion, and perpetual degradation appeared to be my allotted doom. I was intensely wretched; and this dreadful state of things was of my own bringing about. I had no one but myself to blame for the sufferings which I endured; and when I thought of what I might have been, these inflictions were awful beyond conception. Lower in the scale of mental and moral degradation I could not well sink. Despised by all, I despised and hated in my turn, and doggedly flung back to the world the contempt and scorn which it so profusely heaped on my head.

Such was my pitiable state at this period—a state apparently beyond the hope of redemption. But a change was about to take place—a circumstance which eventually turned the whole current of my life into a new and unhopèd for channel.

The month of October had nearly drawn to a close, and on its last Sunday evening I wandered out into the streets, pondering as well as I was able to do, for I was somewhat intoxicated, on my lone and friendless condition. My frame was much weakened by habitual indulgence in intoxicating liquor, and little fitted to bear the cold of winter, which had already begun to come on. But I had no means of protecting myself against the bitter blast, and as I anticipated my coming misery, I staggered along, houseless, aimless, and all but hopeless.

Some one tapped me on the shoulder. An unusual thing that, to occur to me; for no one now cared to come in contact with the wretched, shabby-looking drunkard. I was a disgrace—‘a living, walking disgrace.’ I could scarcely believe my own senses when I turned and met a kind look; the thing was so unusual and so entirely unexpected, that I questioned the reality of it—but so it was.



It was the first touch of kindness which I had known for months ; and simple, and trifling as the circumstance may appear to many, it went right to my heart, and like the wing of an angel troubled the waters in that stagnant pool of affection, and made them once more reflect a little of the light of human love.

The person who touched my shoulder was an entire stranger. I looked at him, wondering what his business was with me. Regarding me very earnestly, and apparently with much interest, he exclaimed :

‘ Mr. Gough, I believe ? ’

‘ That is my name,’ I replied, and was passing on.

‘ You have been drinking to-day,’ said the stranger, in a kind voice, which arrested my attention, and quite dispelled any anger at what I might otherwise have considered an officious interference in my affairs.

‘ Yes, sir,’ I replied, ‘ I have.’

‘ Why do you not sign the pledge ? ’ was the next query.

I considered for a minute or two, and then informed the strange friend, who had so unexpectedly interested himself in my behalf, that I had no hope of ever again becoming a sober man ; that I was without a single friend in the world who cared for me, or what became of me — that I fully expected to die very soon — I cared not how soon — nor whether I died drunk or sober — and, in fact, that I was in a condition of utter recklessness.

The stranger regarded me with a benevolent look — took me by the arm, and asked me how I should like to be as I once was, respectable and esteemed, well clad, and sitting as I used to in a place of worship, enabled to meet my friends as in old times, and receive from them the pleasant nod of recognition as formerly — in fact, become a useful member of society ?

‘Oh!’ replied I, ‘I should like all these things first rate; but I have no expectation that such a thing will ever happen. Such a change cannot be possible.’

‘Only sign our pledge,’ remarked my friend, ‘and I will warrant that it shall be so. Sign it, and I will introduce you myself to good friends, who will feel an interest in your welfare and take a pleasure in helping you to keep your good resolutions. Only, Mr. Gough, sign the pledge, and all will be as I have said; ay, and more too.’

Oh! how pleasantly fell these words of kindness and promise on my crushed and bruised heart. I had long been a stranger to feelings such as now awoke in my bosom. A chord had been touched which vibrated to the tone of love. Hope once more dawned, and I began to think, strange as it appeared, that such things as my friend promised me *might* come to pass. On the instant I resolved to try, at least, and said to the stranger:

‘Well, I will sign it.’

‘When?’ he asked.

‘I cannot do so to-night,’ I replied, ‘for I *must* have some more drink presently; but I certainly will to-morrow.’

‘We have a temperance meeting to-morrow evening,’ he said; ‘Will you sign it then?’

‘I will.’

‘That is right,’ said he, grasping my hand, ‘I will be there to see you.’

‘You shall,’ I remarked; and we parted.

I went on my way much touched by the kind interest which, at last, some one had taken in my welfare. I said to myself, ‘If it should be the last act of my life, I will perform my promise, and sign it even though I die in the attempt, for that man has placed confidence in me, and on that account I love him.’ I then proceeded to a low

groggery in Lincoln square hotel, and in the space of half an hour, drank four glasses of brandy; this, in addition to what I had taken before, made me very drunk, and I staggered home as well as I could. Arrived there, I threw myself on the bed and lay in a state of drunken insensibility until morning

The first thing which occurred to my mind on awaking was the promise I had made on the evening before, to sign the pledge; and feeling, as I usually did on the morning succeeding a drunken bout, wretched, and desolate, I was almost sorry that I had agreed to do so. My tongue was dry, my throat parched — my temples throbbed as if they would burst, and I had a horrible burning feeling in my stomach which almost maddened me and I felt that I *must* have some bitters or I should die. So I yielded to my appetite, which would not be appeased, and repaired to the same hotel, where I had squandered away so many shillings before; there I drank three or four times, until my nerves were a little strung, and then I went to work.

All that day, the coming event of the evening was continually before my mind's eye, and it seemed to me as if the appetite which had so long controlled me, exerted more power over me than ever. It grew stronger than I had at any time known it, now that I was about to rid myself of it. Until noon I struggled against its cravings, and then, unable to endure my misery any longer, I made some excuse for leaving the shop, and went nearly a mile from it in order to procure one more glass wherewith to appease the demon who so tortured me.

The day wore wearily away, and when evening came, I determined, in spite of many a hesitation, to perform the promise I had made to the stranger the night before. The meeting was to be held at the lower Town Hall, Worcester,

and thither, clad in an old brown surtout, closely buttoned up to my chin, that my ragged habiliments beneath might not be visible, I repaired. I took a place among the rest, and when an opportunity of speaking presented itself, I requested permission to be heard, which was readily granted.

When I stood up to relate my story, I was invited to the stand, to which I repaired; and, on turning to face the audience, I recognized my acquaintance who had asked me to sign. It was Mr. Joel Stratton. He greeted me with a smile of approbation, which nerved and strengthened me for my task, as I tremblingly observed every eye fixed upon me. I lifted my quivering hand, and then and there told what rum had done for me. I related how I was once respectable and happy, and had a home; but that now I was a houseless, miserable, scathed, diseased, and blighted outcast from society. I said, scarce a hope remained to me of ever becoming that which I once was; but having promised to sign the pledge, I had determined not to break my word, and would now affix my name to it. In my palsied hand I with difficulty grasped the pen, and, in characters almost as crooked as those of old Stephen Hopkins, I signed the total abstinence pledge, and resolved to free myself from the inexorable tyrant — rum.

Although still desponding and hopeless, I felt that I was relieved from a part of my heavy load. It was not because I deemed there was any supernatural power in the pledge, which would prevent my ever again falling into such depths of woe as I had already become acquainted with, but the feeling of relief arose from the honest desire I entertained to keep a good resolution. I had exerted a moral power, which had long remained lying by, perfectly useless. The very idea of what I had done, strengthened and encouraged

me. Nor was this the only impulse given me to proceed in my new pathway: for many who witnessed my signing, and heard my simple statement, came forward kindly, grasped my hand, and expressed their satisfaction at the step I had taken. A new and better day seemed to have dawned upon me.

As I left the hall, agitated and enervated, I remember chuckling to myself, with great gratification, 'I have done it—I have done it.' There was a degree of pleasure in having put my foot on the head of the tyrant who had so long led me captive at his will; but, though I had 'scotched' the snake, I had not killed him, for every inch of his frame was full of venomous vitality, and I felt that all my caution was necessary to prevent his stinging me afresh.

I went home, retired to bed; but in vain did I try to sleep. I pondered upon the step I had taken, and passed a restless night. Knowing that I had voluntarily renounced drink, I endeavored to support my sufferings, and resist the incessant craving of my remorseless appetite as well as I could; but the struggle to overcome it was insupportably painful. When I got up in the morning, my brain seemed as though it would burst with the intensity of its agony, my throat appeared as if it were on fire, and in my stomach I experienced a dreadful burning sensation, as if the fires of the pit had been kindled there. My hands trembled so, that to raise water to my feverish lips was almost impossible. I craved, literally gasped, for my accustomed stimulus, and felt that I should die if I did not have it; but I persevered in my resolve, and withstood the temptations which assailed me on every hand.

Still, during all this frightful time, I experienced a feeling, somewhat akin to satisfaction, at the position I had

taken. I had made at least one step towards reformation. I began to think that it was barely possible that I might see better days, and once more hold up my head in society. Such feelings as these would alternate with gloomy forebodings, and 'thick coming fancies' of approaching ill. At one time hope, and at another fear, would predominate; but the raging, dreadful, continued thirst was always present, to torture and tempt me.

After breakfast, I proceeded to the shop where I was employed, feeling dreadfully ill. I determined, however, to put a bold face on the matter, and, in spite of the cloud which seemed to hang over me, to attempt work. I was exceedingly weak, and fancied, as I almost reeled about the shop, that every eye was fixed upon me suspiciously, although I exerted myself to the utmost to conceal my agitation. How I got through that day, I cannot now tell, but its length seemed interminable, and as if it would never come to an end. I felt I was undeserving of confidence after I had so often broken my promises of amendment; but I determined to make another effort to procure the respect of my employers, and going to one of the gentlemen in the shop, I informed him that I had signed the pledge.

He looked at me very earnestly, and said, 'I know you have.'

'And,' I added, 'I mean to keep it.'

'So they all say,' he replied; 'and I hope you will.'

As he spoke doubtingly, I reiterated my determination to abide by the resolution I had made, never more to touch intoxicating liquors, and said to him, 'You have no confidence in me, sir.'

'None, whatever,' he replied; 'but I hope you will keep your pledge.'

I turned to work again, saddened in mind and subdued in spirit; for the conversation I had just held with my employer showed me how low I had sunk in the esteem of prudent and sober-minded men. Whilst brooding over my misfortunes, I heard my name mentioned, and, turning round, saw a gentleman, who had entered unobserved by me. He said, 'Good morning, Mr. Gough. I was very glad to see you take the position you did last night, and so were many of our temperance friends. It is just such men as you that we want, and I have no doubt but you will be the means of doing the cause a great deal of good.'

This greatly encouraged me; and the gentleman, whose name was Mr. Jesse W. Goodrich, then and now practising as an attorney and counsellor at law in Worcester, added, in a very kindly tone, 'My office is at the Exchange, Mr. Gough, and I shall be very happy to see you, whenever you like to call in, — very happy.'

It would be impossible to describe how this act, trifling as it appeared, cheered me. With the exception of Mr. Joel Stratton, who was a waiter at the temperance hotel, and who had asked me to sign the pledge, no one had accosted me for months in a manner which would lead me to think any one cared for me, or what might be my fate. Now, however, I was not altogether alone in the world; there *was* a probability of my being rescued from the slough of despond, where I had so long been floundering. I saw that the fountain of human kindness was not utterly sealed up; and again a green spot, an oasis, small, indeed, but cheering, appeared in the desert of life. I had something now to live for. A new desire for life seemed suddenly to spring up; the universal boundary of human sympathy included even my wretched self in its cheering circle. And all these sensations were generated by a few kind words.

What a lesson of love should not this teach us? How know we, but some trifling sacrifice, some little act of kindness, some, it may be, unconsidered word, may heal a bruised heart, or cheer a drooping spirit. Never shall I forget the exquisite delight which I felt when first asked to call and see Mr. Goodrich; and how did I love him from my very heart for the pleasure he afforded me in the knowledge that *some one* on the broad face of the earth cared for me, — for me, who had given myself up as a castaway; who, two days before, had been friendless in the widest signification of the word, and willing, nay, wishing, to die. Any man who has suddenly broken off a habit, such as mine was, may imagine what my sufferings were during the week which followed my abandoning the use of alcohol. Any attempt to describe my feelings would inevitably fall far short of the reality, and I shall mention only one or two circumstances in connection with this eventful period of my life.

On the evening of the day following that on which I signed the pledge, I went straight home from my workshop, with a dreadful feeling of some impending calamity haunting me. In spite of the encouragement I had received, the presentiment of coming evil was so strong, that it bowed me almost to the dust with apprehension. The unslakable thirst still clung to me, and water instead of allaying it, seemed only to increase its intensity. I feared another attack of delirium tremens, and not without reason; for, on that very evening, when I took the iron pin to screw up the binding-press, it seemed to turn to a writhing, creeping snake in my hands. I dropped it in horror, and it was nothing but a bar of iron! These and similar illusions terrified me, and ere long my worst apprehensions were realized. I was fated to encounter one struggle more with my enemy before I became free.



Fearful was that struggle. God, in his merey, forbid that any other young man should endure but a tenth part of the torture which racked my frame and agonized my heart. As, in the former attack, horrible faces glared upon me from the walls, — faces ever changing, and displaying new and still more horrible features, — black, bloated insects crawled over my face, and myriads of burning, concentric rings were revolving incessantly. At one moment the chamber appeared as red as blood, and in a twinkling it was dark as the charnel-house. I seemed to have a knife with hundreds of blades in my hand, every blade driven through the flesh of my hands, and all were so inextricably bent and tangled together, that I could not withdraw them for some time; and when I did, from my lacerated fingers the bloody fibres would stretch out all quivering with life. After a frightful paroxysm of this kind, I would start like a maniac from my bed, and beg for life, life! What I of late thought so worthless, seemed now to be of unappreciable value. I dreaded to die, and clung to existence, as feeling that my soul's salvation depended on a little more of life. A great portion of this time I spent alone; no mother's hand was near to wipe the big drops of perspiration from my brow; no kind voice cheered me in my solitude. Alone I encountered all the host of demoniac forms which crowded my chamber. No one witnessed my agonies, or counted my woes, and yet I recovered; *how*, still remains a mystery to myself, and still more mysterious was the fact of my concealing my sufferings from every mortal eye.

In about a week, I gained, in a great degree, the mastery over my accursed appetite; but the strife had made me dreadfully weak. Gradually my health improved, my spirits recovered, and I ceased to despair. Once more was I enabled to crawl into the sunshine; but, O! how changed.

Wan cheeks and hollow eyes, feeble limbs, and almost powerless hands, plainly enough indicated that, between me and death, there had indeed been but a step.

A great change now took place in my condition for the better, and it appeared likely enough that the anticipations of my friend, Mr. Stratton, who induced me to sign the pledge, as to my becoming once more a respectable man, were about to be realized. For a long period, of late, I had ceased to take any care with respect to my personal appearance, for the intemperate man is seldom neat; but I now began to feel a little more pride on this head, and endeavored to make my scanty wardrobe appear to the best advantage. I also applied myself more diligently to business, and became enabled to purchase articles which I had long needed, and assume a more respectable appearance. Unfortunately, however, work soon began to slacken, and my circumstances, in consequence, were but poor.

I, generally, regularly attended the weekly temperance meetings, and my case being well known, I was at length invited to speak on the subject. After some hesitation, I consented to do so, and addressed an audience for about fifteen minutes, stating what my course had been, and what temperance had effected for me, and also expressing my firm determination to adhere to the total abstinence pledge. I well remember the individual who first engaged me for a regular speech. It was a good man, and devoted friend of the cause, Mr. Hiram Fowler, of Upton. He heard my address at one of the temperance meetings, and thinking I should do good, was very anxious to secure my humble services.

One afternoon, not long after I joined the society, a gentleman invited me to speak on temperance, in the school-house, on Burncoat plain. That evening I shall never

forget. I was not, from scarcity of funds, enabled to procure fitting habiliments in which to appear before a respectable audience, and so I was compelled to wear an old overcoat, which the state of my under clothing obliged me to button closely up to my chin. The place assigned to me was very near a large and well-heated stove. As I spoke, I grew warm, and after using a little exertion, the heat became so insufferable, that I was drenched in perspiration. My situation was ludicrous in the extreme. I could not, in consequence of the crowd, retreat from the tremendous fire, and unbuttoning my coat was out of the question altogether. What with the warmth imparted by my subject, and that which proceeded from the stove, I was fairly between two fires. When I had done my speech, I was all but done myself, for my body contained a greater quantity of caloric than it had ever possessed before or since. I question whether Monsieur Chabert, the fire king, was ever subjected to a more 'fiery trial.'

Not long after this, it began to be whispered about that I had some talents for public speaking; and my career, as an intemperate man, having been notorious, a little curiosity as to my addresses was excited. I was invited to visit Milbury, and deliver an address there. I went, in company with Doctor Hunting, of Worcester. Mr. Van Wagner, better known, perhaps, as the Poughkeepsie blacksmith, was also to speak. I spoke, for the first time, from a pulpit at this place; and my address, which was listened to very attentively, occupied about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. At this time, nothing was farther from my intentions than becoming a public speaker. In my wildest flights, I never dreamed of this. I can sincerely say that I was urged to give these early addresses solely by a hope that good, through my instrumentality, might be done to the temperance cause, to which I owed my redemption.

Prior to delivering this address at Milbury, I had purchased a new suit of clothes, the first which I had been able to get for a long period. They came home on the day fixed for my speaking. Now, I had been so long accustomed to my old garments, that they had become, as it were, a part and parcel of myself, and seemed to belong to me, and feel as natural as my skin did. My new suit was very fashionably cut, and as I put on the articles, one by one, I felt more awkwardness than, I verily believe, I ever exhibited, before or since, in the course of my life. The pantaloons were strapped down, over feet which had long been used to freedom, and I feared to walk in my usual manner, lest they should *go* at the knee. I feared, too, lest a strap should give, and make me lop-sided for life. The vest certainly set off my waist to the best advantage; but it did not seem, on a first acquaintance, half so comfortable as my ancient friend, although the latter had long been threadbare, and *minus* a few buttons. And, then, the smartly cut coat was so neatly and closely fitted to the arms, and the shoulders, and the back, that, when it was on, I felt in a fix as well as a fit. I was fearful of any thing but a mincing motion, and my arms had a cataleptic appearance. Every step I took was a matter of anxiety, lest an unlucky rip should derange my smartness. How I tried the pockets, over and over again, and stared at myself in the glass! Verily I felt more awkward, for some time, in my new suit, than I did whilst roasting before the fire in my old one.

On the evening following my visit to Milbury, I delivered a second address, in another church there, which was well attended. Invitations now began to pour in on me from many quarters, and I had been asked, several times, to go to the same old school-house, on Burncoat

plain, where I had before spoken; when, on the 26th of December, 1842, Dr. Kendall, of Stirling, applied for some person to deliver a temperance address. I was recommended as a suitable person, and went with him, occupying the whole of the evening, for the first time. Mr. Van Wagner spoke the next night, and I was detained until the Sunday morning. On my return to Worcester, I found that several applications for my services had been made from other towns. Mr. Genery Twichell was desirous that I should go with him to Barre, where a New Year's Day celebration, or temperance jubilee, consisting of singing and addresses, was to be held. In compliance with Mr. Twichell's wish, I attended the anniversary, and felt much gratification; after which I again returned to Worcester.

I now, finding that my engagements were increasing fast, applied to my employers for leave of absence for a week or two, in order to enable me to perform them. The required permission I obtained. When I went away, I left a pile of Bibles on my bench unfinished, promising to finish them on my return; but unforeseen circumstances occurred, and I never returned to complete them.

My time was now almost entirely employed in lecturing on the temperance cause; and, as good appeared to be effected by my labors, I was encouraged to proceed. I visited, about this time, in succession, the towns of Grafton, Webster, Leicester, Milbury, West Boylston, Berlin, Bolton, Upton, Hopkinton, and Mendon, together with many other places in Worcester county, the names of which it is not necessary to record. My audiences gradually increased in numbers, and, as I acquired more confidence in speaking, my labors were rendered the more useful and acceptable.

I must now refer to a circumstance which occurred about

five months after I signed the pledge, and which caused infinite pain to myself, and uneasiness to the friends of the cause. I allude to a fact, notorious at the time—my violation of the pledge. This narrative purports to be a veritable record of my history, and God forbid that I should conceal or misstate any material circumstance connected with it. If the former portion of this Autobiography be calculated to operate as a warning against the use of alcoholic liquors, the event which I am now about to record may not be without its use, in convincing many who have flung away the maddening draught, that they need a strength, not their own, to enable them to adhere to the vows they make. Well, and wisely, has it been said by the inspired penman, ‘Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall;’ for unassisted human strength is utterly unable to afford adequate support in the hour of weakness or temptation. We are only so far safe when we depend on a mightier arm than our own for support. Our very strength lies in our sense of weakness, and this was to be demonstrated in my experience.

I had known all the misery which intoxication produces, and, remembering it, could fervently offer up a prayer, such as the following, which, although first breathed by other lips than mine, aptly expressed my feelings :—

‘ALMIGHTY GOD, if it be thy will that man should suffer, whatever seemeth good in thy sight impose on me. Let the bread of affliction be given me to eat. Take from me the friends of my confidence. Let the cold hut of poverty be my dwelling-place, and the wasting hand of disease inflict its painful torments. Let me sow in the whirlwind, and reap in the storm. Let those have me in derision who are younger than I. Let the passing away of

my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud, and the shouts of my enemies be like the rushing of waters. When I anticipate good, let evil annoy me; when I look for light, let darkness come upon me. Let the terrors of death be ever before me. Do all this, but save me, merciful God, save me from the fate of a Drunkard. Amen.'

I loved the temperance pledge. No one *could* value it more than I; for, standing, as I did, a redeemed man, enabled to hold up my head in society, I owed every thing to it. Painful as I said this event of my life was in the act, and humiliating in the contemplation, I proceed to state every particular respecting it.

I was, at this time, delivering addresses in the town of Charlton, Worcester county. Laboring so indefatigably, and indeed unceasingly, almost immediately, and for some time, after suddenly breaking off the use of a stimulus to which I had been accustomed for years, I became very weak in health; and, being of an extremely nervous temperament, I suffered much more than I otherwise should have done. I had an almost constant hæmorrhage from my stomach, and gradually became so excited, and nervously irritable, that I entirely lost my appetite, and could neither eat nor sleep. The engagements that I had made at Charlton came to a termination on Fast day, and in order to prepare for an address the next evening at Sutton, that town being the next on my list of appointments (numbering now more than thirty in succession), I returned to Worcester. Whilst there, and on my way there from Charlton, I felt sensations to which I had before been a stranger. It was a most distressing feeling, but one impossible to define. It will be remembered that, in a former page, I have given an account of an accident which I received when a boy,

my head having been wounded by a spade. In the neighborhood of this old injury I experienced considerable pain. A restlessness, too, accompanied these symptoms, for which I could not account, and which I could not by any effort subdue. It was noticed, with some uneasiness, by my friends, that I acted and talked very strangely; but I was not at all conscious that, in my every day habits, there was any thing to excite or attract more than ordinary attention.

I boarded with a Mrs. Chamberlain, as good, kind, and considerate a woman as I ever knew. She observed my illness, and strongly urged me to remain at home, and go to bed. But I was in so nervous a state, that to remain still for five minutes together was a thing utterly impossible. I could neither sit in one position long, or remain standing; and this restless feeling was far more distressing to myself than can be imagined by those who have not suffered in a similar way. It appeared to me that I must be going *somewhere*, I knew not, and cared not whither, but there was a certain impulsive feeling which I could not restrain, any more than an automaton can remain motionless when its machinery is wound up. I left Mrs. Chamberlain's house, much against her wish, saying I should return shortly, and intending to do so; but when I had wandered about for a little time, I heard the fifteen-minute bell, at the depôt, announce that the train was about to start for Boston, and almost without thinking of what I was about to do, I proceeded to the station, entered the cars, and, without any earthly aim or object, set out for Boston; all I felt was an irresistible inclination to move on, I cared not where.

Several gentlemen, into whose company I fell, noticed the extreme strangeness of my deportment and conversation whilst in the cars. On arriving in Boston, I strolled for some time about the streets, uncertain how to employ



or amuse myself. Evening drew on, and it occurred to me that I might dissipate my melancholy, and quiet myself down, by going to the theatre; I resolved to pursue this course, and accordingly entered the playhouse. I had not been there long before I fell in with some old companions, with whom I had been intimate many years before. We talked together of old times; and, at last, observing my manner, and noticing that I talked strangely and incoherently, they inquired what ailed me. I told them that I felt as if I wanted to move on, that move on I must, but cared not whither,—in fact that I was very ill. After being pressed to accompany them and take some oysters, I consented, and we all repaired to an oyster-room. It was during the time of taking this refreshment that a glass of wine or brandy was offered me. Without thought, I drank it off. And then, suddenly, the terrible thought flashed across my mind that I had violated my pledge. The horror I felt at the moment, it would be impossible for me to describe. Ruin, inevitable ruin, stared me in the face. By one rash and inconsiderate act, I had undone the work of months, betrayed the confidence reposed in me by friends, and blasted every hope for the future. To say that I felt miserable, would only give a faint idea of my state. For five months I had battled with my enemy, and defied him when he appeared armed with all his terrors; but now, when I fondly fancied him a conquered foe, and had sung in the broad face of day my pæans of victory, to hundreds and thousands of listeners, he had craftily wrought my downfall. I was like some bark,

‘ Which stood the storm when winds were rough,  
But in a sunny hour, fell off;  
Like ships that have gone down at sea  
When heaven was all tranquillity.’

My accursed appetite, too, which I deemed eradicated, I found had only slept; the single glass I had taken roused my powerful and now successful enemy. I argued with myself that as I *had* made one false step, matters could not be made worse by taking a few more. So, yielding to temptation, I swallowed three or four more potations, and slept that night at the hotel. With the morning reflection came; and fearful, indeed, appeared to me my situation. Without drinking again, I started in the cars for Newburyport, painfully feeling but not exhibiting any signs of having indulged in the intemperate cup on the previous evening. At Newburyport an unlooked for trial awaited me,—I was invited to speak for the temperance society there. I felt that I had no claim *now* to be heard, although I bitterly repented my retrograde movement; but at length I consented to speak, and did so, both on the Sunday and the following Monday. To Worcester I dreaded returning, so agonized was I in mind. It was there I came forward as a redeemed drunkard, had there, time and again, solemnly vowed that the intoxicating cup should never press my lips again, had there been received by the kind and the good with open arms, and encouraged to proceed; but, alas! how had I fallen! and with what countenance could I meet those to whose respect and sympathy I felt I had now no longer claim?

I returned, in consequence of entertaining such sentiments as these, again to Boston, there intending to remain until I should decide as to what my future course should be. I became faint, hungry, and sick; and my heart remained ‘ill at ease.’ Again I drank, although not to excess, and at length resolved, at all hazards, to return to Worcester, which place I reached on Saturday, where, as might be

expected from my conduct previous to leaving, my friends were very much alarmed at my absence.

On my arrival home, I immediately sent for my friend, Mr. Jesse W. Goodrich, the same gentleman, it will be remembered, who kindly invited me to call on him the day after I signed the pledge. I also sent for Dr. Hunting, who had greatly interested himself in my welfare. When these gentlemen came to see me, I at once made them acquainted with what had transpired in Boston, and my violation of the pledge, and then expressed to them my determination to leave the town, county, and State, never more to return to it. I then re-signed the pledge, and commenced packing up my books and clothes, with the full determination of leaving Worcester the following Monday.

My friends, who did not desert me, even in these dark hours of my existence, again rallied round me, and persuaded me to remain, in order to attend the temperance meeting on the Monday I had fixed as the day of my departure. My candid statement had, in a measure, revived their confidence in me. In accordance with their desires, I did remain, and went, at the time mentioned, to the upper Town Hall, where a very large audience was assembled, who appeared to feel a great interest in the proceedings. I was almost broken-hearted, and felt as if I were insane; but I humbly trust that I sincerely repented of the false step I had taken, and, cheered by the considerate kindness of my friends, I determined, God helping me, to be more than ever an uncompromising foe to alcohol.

As this portion of my history is of some importance, I shall, instead of entering into any detailed description of the meeting I have just spoken of myself, quote in this place the report of the proceedings which appeared at the time in the public journals.

The following article appeared in the 'Cataract and Washingtonian:'—

'Mr. John B. Gough, as soon as he was known to be in the hall, was called for in all directions, and received in a manner which showed the true spirit of Washingtonian sympathy, kindness, and charity, to be still predominant in the bosom of this great Washingtonian fraternity. Feeble in health, and with an utterance half choked by the intensity of his feelings, he briefly alluded to, and promptly acknowledged his late misfortune, saying that he *had*, within a few days past, deemed himself a crushed and a ruined man; but that the enemies of the great cause he had attempted to advocate need not rejoice. That he had rallied, had re-signed the pledge, and then felt, and should prove himself, a more uncompromising foe to alcohol than he had ever been before; and, after invoking, in tones that came *from* and went *to* the heart, the blessing of Heaven upon his friends, this society, and the cause, attended by his physician and some friends, retired from the hall, subdued, even to tears, by the trying ordeal through which he had been passing.'

The following is extracted from a more extended report in the same journal:—

'The Washingtonian Society of Westboro' met at the Town Hall, on Thursday evening, April 20, 1843. The hall was full to overflowing. The meeting was called to order by the President of the Society, and opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Harvey; after which the President introduced Mr. J. B. Gough, the well-known, eloquent, and successful advocate of temperance, who, in a very feeling

and appropriate manner, stated that, within a short time, he had broken his pledge, but he had signed it again, again risen up to combat King Alcohol, and that he appeared before them the uncompromising foe to alcohol in all its forms, willing to devote all the energies of his body and mind to the noble cause of temperance; and, with all humility, threw himself upon the kindness of his friends, stating it was for them to say whether or not he should proceed, and have their kindness and support, when the following resolutions were offered, and unanimously adopted, almost by acclamation:—

“*Resolved*, That as intemperance is the cause of most of the misery and suffering that affect our fellow-men, drying up and poisoning the streams of domestic happiness, it is therefore our imperative duty to exert our united efforts against the monster, and stand, shoulder to shoulder, until the evil is banished from the land.

“*Resolved*, That we highly appreciate the former services of Mr. J. B. Gough, as a Washingtonian lecturer, and, notwithstanding the unhappy circumstances which have lately occurred, we do most cordially greet him in the Washingtonian spirit of kindness and sympathy, and most cheerfully do we give him our countenance and support in the glorious cause of temperance.”

‘Mr. Gough again rose, evidently much embarrassed, and was received by the audience with *decided* marks of approbation. He stated, that to be thus received was more than he felt able to bear. Scorn and contumely he should be enabled to endure, but to kindness he had not always been accustomed, and he was completely unmanned. Recovering his self-possession, he went on, and most eloquently warned all, particularly the young men, who had become Washingtonians, *to abandon their old associates*, and not place

themselves *in the way of temptation*. He portrayed, in most glowing colors, the criminality of those who endeavor, whatever may be their motive, to induce any one to violate his pledge, leaving them to their own consciences and their God. After holding the undivided attention of his audience for near an hour, he concluded with a most powerful appeal to all to come out and sign the pledge, hoping that no one would offer as an excuse, that the speaker had violated his, but come out, and, each and all, give their support to a cause which is worthy of the best effort of our powers.'

A similar resolution was passed at Sutton. It was as follows:—

'*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with Mr. Gough in his misfortune, in having violated his pledge, and heartily express our satisfaction with his apology, and highly approve of his determination to continue his labors in the temperance cause.'

Never shall I forget the kindness shown me at this time by my friends, amongst whom I would especially mention Mr. Goodrich, Dr. Hunting, and Mr. George M. Rice, of Worcester.\* It would be impossible for me to enumerate here all from whom I received the most considerate attentions, but they are not forgotten by me, and never will be.

Although freely and fully forgiven by the Society, I still felt keenly on the subject of my lapse; but my inten-

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\* Although by the generosity of my friends I was kindly forgiven, yet by some few I was, and still am, regarded in no very favorable light. I regret this, but do not blame them for not recognizing me on the true Washingtonian principles; they have my good will and wishes, whatever may be their disposition towards me.

tion of leaving the town was not carried into effect ; as my friends, one and all, urging me to remain, I felt it my duty to accede to their wishes. I was waited upon in Worcester by Mr. Ellsworth Childs, of Westborough, with a request from the good friends of that place that I should visit them, and I felt it to be a duty to go to the different towns where I had made engagements, and to which I had been reinvited, freely and frankly to confess the circumstances which led me to break my appointments, and solicit their forgiveness, which was willingly accorded in every case.

I trust that I now had a full sense of my own insufficiency to keep myself from sinking. Hitherto I had relied too implicitly on my own strength for support, and my utter weakness had been painfully exemplified in my violation of a sacred promise. It was a humiliating blow, but it taught me that I derived my strength from on high, and that when He withdrew it I was utterly powerless to think of myself any good thing. Whatever my future situation in life may be, I hope ever to possess a strong sense of my utter weakness, and cherish a humble dependence on Him who is able to keep me from falling, and render my labors honorable and useful.

This account of my violation of the pledge will, I doubt not, be entirely new to many of my readers, although in my own neighborhood the fact was notorious enough. It is my earnest wish to send forth this narrative to the world in as complete and perfect a manner as practicable ; omitting nothing, nor adding to any thing, so that it may be as faithful a record of my life as can be presented. I have not shrunk from depicting the dark days of my life, because I wished to warn my fellow-men against the wine-cup, and to strip the false and fading flowers from the

manacles which amuse the inebriate whilst they cripple his energies ; and in referring, as I shall have occasion to do, in the remaining pages, to the time since the dark pall was lifted up, I trust, forever, and hope's brilliant star shed on me its lustre, I hope I shall not be deemed egotistical — than this nothing can be more foreign to my views and sentiments. My readers must take the picture as it is, remembering that I have not adopted the style of any academy or school, but endeavored to present to the mind's eye a graphic delineation of what may be often met with in our daily paths — a painting of human nature **FROM THE LIFE.**



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

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## PART THIRD.

WITH the exception of about three or four weeks of the summer of 1843, I have labored since that year in behalf of the temperance cause, having, I trust, sought and obtained assistance from on High, and rested all my hopes for success on the right foundation.

The sphere of my operations soon became extended, and I delivered lectures in the counties of Worcester, Norfolk, Middlesex, and sometimes in the border towns of Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, and as far as Providence, Rhode Island. During this period I had received repeated invitations from a gentleman well known in Boston, Moses Grant, Esq., to go to that city and deliver addresses there. I felt, however, no disposition to accept his offer at this time; but sometime afterward, on the 23d of August, 1843, happening to be at a celebration at the village of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, Mr. Grant came to me and requested a sight of my book of appointments. I showed him what he required, and he immediately placed his finger on the sixteenth, twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third days of September, and told me I must consider

myself engaged by him for those days. Mr. Grant then very kindly told me to come to his house, and divest myself of all fear, for a good opportunity should be given me. I accordingly agreed with Mr. Grant to visit Boston, and on Saturday, the sixteenth of September, proceeded to that city, and went at once to Mr. Grant's house, where I was very kindly received.

I felt rather apprehensive in view of speaking in Boston, for I had heard it spoken of as the modern Athens, and knew that as to intelligence it stood very high amongst the cities of the Union. It was of no use, however, to look back; and as I was announced to speak that same evening at the Tremont Chapel, under the Museum, I determined to pluck up my courage. As I walked towards the Chapel I really felt half inclined to run away. On entering the house I found it about half full. I had frequently stood up before much larger audiences, but I never experienced so much hesitation and nervous sensibility as then. My courage, like that of Bob Acres, seemed to be oozing out at the palms of my hands, and my heart palpitated with apprehension. But I managed to get through the ordeal, for such in reality it was, without my trepidation having been much observed.

On the four next following days I spoke at Roxbury, and on the twenty-first I delivered an address again in Boston, at the Rev. Mr. Turnbull's church, in Harrison avenue. On each of the two next days I spoke in Marlboro' Chapel; although I had heard much of temperance meetings being frequently held there, I had never seen them. On the first night I spoke there it was about half full, and on the next the audience filled the building.

I then left Boston, and travelled through the various towns in the vicinity, delivering addresses, until the follow-

ing third of November, when I returned to the city, and spoke three or four times at Marlboro' Chapel, and, on five or six occasions, at the Odeon. I felt some diffidence about speaking at the latter place, fearing it was too large for me, but, to my surprise, on Sunday night it was very full, and on the Monday evening crowded to excess. This reception encouraged me, and I continued to give addresses in Boston, with very few exceptions, until the second of December, when I went to Portland, Maine, and again returned to Boston, speaking in the course of the month, sometimes for the Washingtonians, and at others for the Ladies' Benevolent Society, but principally under the direction of my friend, Deacon Grant, and the Boston Temperance Society, then under the judicious management of that gentleman, who acted and still acts as its President. My services were now in requisition at Concord, N. H., New Bedford, Nashua, Gloucester, Marblehead, Rockport; and I made a trip into the Old Colony of Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers landed, and visited also the towns of Newburyport, Newport, R. I., and many other places, returning occasionally to the city, and speaking to large audiences there.

I was married at Worcester, on the 24th of November, 1843, by the Rev. Mr. Smally, a gentleman who, from the first, had been my friend. After this, I went to reside at Roxbury, where we boarded with Mrs. Fuller, a warm-hearted Washingtonian, one ever ready to assist the reformed man; in consequence of which, her house somewhat resembled a hospital, or place of refuge for the destitute. Mrs. Fuller evinced her love to the cause, by often being out of pocket, through her endeavors to promote it.

Through Deacon Grant and other gentlemen, I received applications for my services from the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Va., Charleston, S. C., Cincinnati,

Bangor, and many other distant places. After mature consideration, it was decided by my friends that I should first visit New York, accompanied by Deacon Grant, as the anniversary of the American Temperance Union was to be held in that city. We left Boston on the 8th of May, 1844, and I delivered an address in New York at the anniversary on the ninth; and on the tenth and twelfth of the same month I spoke in two of the churches. I also paid a visit to Newark and to the city of Brooklyn, and on the 16th of May started for Philadelphia, in which city, although arrangements had been made for my speaking, it was not deemed advisable to hold meetings, in consequence of the riots which had recently occurred there. I then proceeded to Baltimore, in which city I spoke for five nights; thence I went to Washington, where I delivered addresses in the morning and evening, and, returning, gave four lectures in Philadelphia, and two in New York. Whilst proceeding to Boston, in order to be present at the grand temperance celebration on the thirtieth of May, I delivered an address on board the steamer Massachusetts, in company with Dr. Patton, the Rev. John Marsh, and many other friends of the cause.

Before I allude to the magnificent demonstration, just referred to, I would mention, that I have received several testimonials of the approbation and good-will of kind friends. Let it be perfectly understood, that I do not make any mention of them from a feeling of pride, or in a spirit of self-satisfied egotism. It is rather in acknowledgment of the kindness of the respected donors that I take any notice of these mementos here. I extract the following from the Boston Bee:—

‘The exercises at the Tremont Temple, on Thursday evening, on occasion of Mr. Gough’s farewell address,

[previous to leaving with Deacon Grant for Philadelphia,] were highly interesting, and attended by a large audience. The singing by the Euterpeans, Quartette Club, and others, was excellent, and Mr. Gough's address exceeded in interest all his former efforts. An elegant silver medal was presented to Mr. Gough, accompanied by some eloquent remarks by the Rev. E. H. Chapin, which called forth from Mr. Gough an off-hand expression of gratitude, sincere, warm, and gushing. We have been favored with an inspection of the medal which is certainly very beautiful. The workmanship is equal to any thing of the kind we ever saw, and was executed by Dennison, Adams & Co., 67 Washington street. On one side of the medal are the following words:—

PRESENTED  
TO  
JOHN B. GOUGH,  
BY THE  
BOSTON QUARTETTE CLUB,  
AT THE  
TREMONT TEMPLE,  
MAY 2, 1844.

On the reverse is a fountain playing from a shell, beneath which is inscribed,

‘THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.’

This is enclosed with very tastefully designed and executed scroll-work, and around the edge is engraved the names of the donors,

F. A. LYDSTON,	W. H. BURBECK,
S. P. CURRIER,	J. B. HECTOR.’

The edge of the medal is massive, and elegantly chased. Its value we presume to be somewhere between fifteen and

twenty dollars intrinsically, but we cannot calculate its worth to the recipient, who has so well deserved such a compliment by his untiring and successful efforts in the cause of temperance.'

I returned to Boston early on the morning of the 30th of May, Mr. Samuel A. Walker having made arrangements for me to take a part in the exercises of the day,—a day which will long be remembered as one of the most interesting that ever occurred in the capital of Massachusetts. To my great surprise, I found on my arrival, that a barouche and four white horses had been prepared to convey me into the city. I experienced immense difficulty in getting to the State House, so dense was the crowd of persons in the various streets; and the whole population of the city, seemed almost to a man, to have risen up and hailed the celebration of the Genius of Temperance.

It was a brilliant day, in the most beautiful of the months; and all heaven and earth seemed to conspire in order to do honor to a cause whose object was the promotion of the happiness of God's creatures. The sun shone from a sky of cloudless azure, and the young May flowers rejoiced in his beams. The river sparkled as it flowed along, bearing on its broad bosom majestic barks, decorated, from trucks to main-chains, with gay flags and streamers. Every now and then, a light cloud of white smoke would float upward, and then the thunder of cannonading would reverberate amongst the distant hills. Music sent forth its glad tones upon the air, and as one band ceased its melody, another and another would burst forth, until the whole air was vocal with sweet sounds.

The city was dressed in gay attire, as we may suppose Venice was clad in her bright and palmy days. The shops

were closed, for innocent pleasure ruled in the marts of commerce for a few short hours. The Custom House doors no more afforded egress and ingress to the busy sons of traffic; and at the banks was heard no silver sounds proceeding from the money-changers. The counting-house was still, for the merchant and his clerks had closed the ledger, and determined to balance accounts with temperance for once in the year, at least. From many a warehouse window, high up, hung gayly-colored fancy goods; and in some streets, lines of banners stretched across the streets from end to end, and hundreds of emblematic bottles were displayed, suspended, bottom upward, from lines, with the corks out.

From every window which commanded a view of the procession, gazed hundreds of old and young, grave and gay. Those in Washington street were crowded with ladies; and never did brighter eyes rest on a fairer scene than was presented to the view that day. It was a great day for the women.

Yes; for the women! They were more interested in such a demonstration than at first glance might be supposed. If ever an angel conveyed to *them* 'good tidings,' surely it must have been the heavenly visitant who bore temperance to their homes. Weak, delicate women may well bless a cause so pregnant with household blessings and domestic affections. How many bright eyes have grown dim, and light hearts heavy, and delicate frames bowed down to the dust—and what young hopes have been blighted, and strong affections crushed, and fair prospects blasted, during the absence of temperance from the hearthside. Ay, that hearth itself has become a desolate place, a domestic desert, barren and unprofitable; for, where the mother sang to her girl, and the father proudly

gazed on his boy—where husband and wife ‘took sweet counsel together,’ and sister and mother formed the social ring, scarcely a link of the shivered chain is left to tell where happiness once had been. Families become scattered whenever intemperance plants his burning foot on the threshold, and that which was once—

‘A little heaven below,’

a sanctuary from the toil and turmoil of this working-day world, becomes but a cage of unclean birds—a very Pandemonium. Home! the magic of that word is dispelled forever, and they who dwelt under the family roof tree—

‘Who grew in beauty, side by side,  
Who filled one house with glee,  
From each are severed far and wide,  
By stream, and mount, and sea.’

O! has not woman reason to bless the temperance cause?

But to the procession; for, as no record of it, except the ephemeral reports of the newspapers, exists, I have been induced to notice it here.

I had witnessed many great gatherings, of various descriptions; but none ever affected me as this did. I could scarcely speak, and to describe my feelings would be impossible. Such a day I never, in my most sanguine dreams, imagined would have dawned on earth.

On it came, a dense, gayly-adorned, moving multitude, all in perfect order—every eye beaming with gladness, and every lip wreathed with smiles. The Boston Brigade Band came first, pealing forth strains of triumphant music. The Washington Light Infantry, clad in the trappings of war, next marched to celebrate the peaceful triumphs of temperance; and then a magnificent prize-banner displayed



its gorgeous folds to the breeze. [This flag was afterwards awarded, by Moses Kimball, Esq., of the Museum, to the county having the largest number in the procession, according to its population.]

Then came a four-horse barouche, with two marshals, one on either side, in which was that truly great and good man, Governor Briggs, the President of the day, accompanied by the President of the Washingtonian Temperance Society. High as was his situation as Governor of the Bay State, never stood he in a prouder position than on that day. O! it was a noble thing, to see one who possessed such influence, exerting it in so noble a cause, and there, by his presence, encouraging the progress of a reform, the blessings resulting from which will only be known in that day when all secrets shall be revealed. A far nobler and more imposing sight was it than fields of martial glory could ever exhibit—fields where heroes stood, and received their laurels of triumph. The Governor of Massachusetts headed an army, which only pressed on to achieve bloodless victories, and proclaim ‘peace on earth.’ Such men constitute the true nobility. Universal benevolence is emblazoned on their escutcheons. The happiness of mankind, temporal and eternal, form their mottoes; and the gratitude and admiration of their kind, the rich seals to their patents of nobility.

In the carriage with the Governor were the Rev. John Marsh, W. K. Mitchell, and Wm. R. Stacy, Esq. The Vice-President of the day came next, and then followed a Reverend band of men, who, whilst they labored in their vocation for the interests of religion, acknowledged temperance as its handmaid. A large band of invited guests then formed its portion of the procession.

Next came the different societies of Suffolk county, with

banners streaming in the air, and music pealing from the Washingtonian Temperance Band, who honored the proceedings of the day by appearing for the first time in a new and splendid uniform. The band preceded the Parent Washingtonian Total Abstinence Society, which was incorporated with the North End Temperance Association, the West Boston Hancock Washingtonian Temperance Society, and the Fort Hill Washingtonian Temperance Society. After these came, in long and noble array, the Boston Temperance Society. Then, the South Boston Washington Total Abstinence Society. This body having conspicuously in their midst a Well of pure cold water, drawn by horses. The Chelsea Temperance Union next made its cheerful appearance; and then the St. Mary's Temperance Society, and the South End Washingtonian Benevolent Total Abstinence Society, preceded by the magnificent Band of the United States ship of the line Ohio. The Boston Marine Total Abstinence Society next followed, composed of hale, joyous-looking tars, who belied in appearance the assertion that grog was necessary for sailors. These bore in their ranks a splendid model of the United States Frigate *Cónstitution*, behind which came the crew of the United States ship *Ohio*.

That interesting body, the Boston Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, together with the West Boston Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, marched proudly on, followed by the Hibernian Total Abstinence Society. The Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, the South Boston Catholic Total Abstinence Society, the South End Young Men's Benevolent Total Abstinence Society, the North End Youth's Total Abstinence Society; and then came a joyous band of children, forming the South End

Cold Water Army, and another legion of little ones — the Cold Water Army from Fort Hill.

A pleasant sight it was — that array of children, as with tiny feet they marched along the crowded streets, looking up to the vast multitude who gazed on them, with sparkling eyes, and delighted smiles. Some were there who had once known the misery of having a drunken parent; who had long been strangers to the kind word and approving smile, but who now felt all the blessed influences which temperance spread around. And happily the little things trooped on, waving mimic banners, and shouting for very joy. Some had fathers and brothers in that long line of procession, who never saw their little darlings so happy before. O! it was a happy sight.

This Cold Water Army had a leader, who ably

‘ Marshalled them the way that they should go.’

It was Deacon Grant, the friend of children. He had not, like many commanders of great armies, cannon at his beck, and bayonets to perform his bidding. He did not issue bulletins or general orders; but he was well supplied (as, by the way, he generally is, with tracts, and pamphlets, and handbills, in such vast and incredible numbers, all on the subject of temperance, that it is almost a mystery how he stows them away in his many pockets. Look at him, now that he is wound up to a pitch of enthusiasm, seldom equalled, and which it would seem never can be surpassed, waving, not a marshall’s baton, but a beaver hat, the capacious interior of which, has, by an ingenious device, been converted into a teetotal library — a circulating one too, for see how the printed sheets are flying in all directions! Hurrah! shout the children in ecstasy — all of them are delighted and pleased

with Deacon Grant's care of and for them ; and as pleased and happy as any one of his little battalion is Deacon Grant himself.

The Fireman's Total Abstinence Association follow, as also other societies, according to the date of their formations. Glittering regalia announce the presence of the Independent Order of Rechabites, whilst loudly around them the Providence Brass Band echoes its exciting music. Following the band comes a delegation from Rhode Island ; then, another band of music ; then, a delegation from Maine, and embassies of peace from other States, which concludes the Suffolk county portion of the procession.

Middlesex sends forth its multitudes of total abstainers. Essex swells the triumphal throng, and the President and Vice-President of the County Temperance Society march in its midst. Worcester county is not behindhand — nor Hampshire — nor Hampden — nor Berkshire. Bristol county is up and doing, and, preceded by the New Bedford Brass Band, comes a Washingtonian whaleboat, on wheels, fully manned by stalwart looking fellows, who have taken up the harpoon of temperance with which to transfix the monster alcohol. Following Barnstable, Nantucket, and Dukes county, comes Norfolk, a small county, &c., then the Boston Brass Band finely playing. The Roxbury Artillery form an escort, and the different total abstinence societies and associations of the county bring up the rear.

It would be an idle thing to attempt a description or enumeration of the many devices which appeared on the banners and flags displayed in the procession, which consisted, at a moderate computation, of forty or fifty thousand persons. It was altogether a magnificent sight, and

one which had never been paralleled. I saw one man in the long line who called up emotions of thankful interest in my heart. Some time before, that person came to me at my house in Roxbury, a wretched, drunken, broken-down creature, and signed the pledge. When he had done so, the poor fellow clasped his hands, and said, 'O! Mr. Gough, do you think I can keep it — do you think I shall be able to perform my promise?' I assured him that he could, and he expressed his earnest intention to adhere to his pledge. I now saw that very man, with a firm step and a flash of honest pride in his eye, bearing aloft a mottoed banner. He was a free man, and rejoiced in his emancipation. O! my heart thrilled with joy as I gazed, and knew and felt that hundreds such as he were joining in the festival of the day. Men who had been redeemed from a worse than Egyptian thralldom, and were restored to their homes, to their families, and to society. As banner after banner, with their various mottoes, passed by me, my feelings were strung to an almost painful degree of tension; for I remembered all the past, and could not help contrasting my present situation with what it had been.

The good city of Boston never witnessed a prouder array in her streets, than on that day. As the procession passed through the various streets, it was hailed with joyous acclamations; and, in many places, bouquets and garlands of flowers were showered from the windows by their fair occupants. When it arrived at the entrance to the spacious Common, the little great Cold Water Army filed off in two parallel lines, and between them went the long train of living beings to the place of appointment.

The old Common was all alive that day; from the dome of the State House floated the stars and stripes, the gorgeous

folds of the national flag appearing in full relief against a sky of dazzling azure. Banners appeared in every direction, and the deep boom of the drum resounded from all quarters. During the intervals of music there was almost a Sabbath stillness, although from sixty to seventy thousand persons were present. The most perfect order was preserved, and nothing tended to mar the peaceful proceedings of the time. The mighty mass assembled around stands which had been erected on the Common, and a prayer having been offered up, in which blessings were implored on the great cause of temperance, the united voices of the vast assemblage, a noble band of freemen, arose to heaven, in a shout of, 'We're a band of freemen! We're a band of freemen!'

When the voices had ceased, Governor Briggs arose, and expressed in eloquent terms his high gratification at the spectacle before him; such an one, he hesitated not to say, as had never been witnessed in the world before. His Excellency spoke for more than half an hour, and his remarks elicited loud and frequent plaudits. The Governor was followed by other speakers, whose addresses were listened to with deep interest. It was a glorious thing to see men who stood in high places, and enjoying the confidence of the wise and good, taking conspicuous parts in such proceedings; and if angels ever rejoice over earthly scenes, surely it might have been whilst contemplating such a great moral spectacle.

As I was much fatigued by my labors during the past few weeks, I did not take any part in the proceedings of the day, at least in the open air. Indeed, I do not think I *could* have spoken at that time; my heart was too full. An engagement, however, had been made for me to speak in the Tremont Temple in the evening, to which place an

admission fee of twenty-five cents was demanded, for the purpose of defraying expenses. The house was filled to overflowing, as soon as the doors were opened. The Governor, myself, and several others there delivered addresses, which closed the exercises of the day.

I cannot conclude this sketch of the proceedings of this memorable time, without paying a passing and well-deserved tribute to the chief-marshal, Samuel A. Walker, Esq., who so efficiently superintended the complicated arrangements of the procession, and by his liberal expenditure, conduced so much to its successful issue. From me, however, no commendation of one who has always been ready and willing to assist the cause of temperance, and who has frequently shown me personal kindness, is needed.

Having concluded arrangements with the Rev. John Marsh, of New York, secretary of the Am. Temp. Union, to travel with him to various towns and States of the Union, and deliver temperance addresses; after visiting Concord, Manchester, and Providence, we started, on the 24th of June, for western New York. I left Boston, for Hudson, on the 24th of June, and remained absent until the following third of August, having had a delightful tour, during which I enjoyed the high gratification of seeing the Falls of Niagara; which wonder of the world I will not venture to describe, for the very prudent reason that, as many have attempted to, and miserably failed, it would be of little use for me to add one to the list of incapables in this respect.

After my return to Boston, I spoke on Sunday, August 4th, at the Tremont Temple; and then, finding that my continued labors were somewhat exhausting my physical powers, which were not naturally of a powerful cast, I rested for six days, to recruit my energies.

I now paid visits to several of the surrounding towns, until

the 11th of September, when I started again for Gardiner, Hallowell, Augusta, Bath, and Bangor. At the latter place, temperance prayer-meetings were held, at which, ministers of all denominations attended, and appeared to feel great interest in the welfare of the glorious cause. A blessing seemed to follow these exercises; for, after I had delivered eleven addresses, seventeen hundred persons signed the total abstinence pledge. I shall never forget the many kindnesses I experienced from friends at Bangor. Whilst there, I remained at the house of Mr. F. Temple Wheeler, who, together with his excellent and amiable lady, secured to me every comfort; indeed, I do not remember having spent a week so pleasantly in every respect since I have been laboring in the temperance cause, as at this place. I believe much profit resulted to the mission and myself from the visit to Bangor. I must not forget to add, that Mr. William Dow, Mr. Duren, Mrs. Ingraham, and indeed a host of others, manifested a deep interest in my welfare and that of the great cause, of which I am a humble advocate.

At Bangor, I was presented with an elegant annual. The following report I extract from a Bangor paper:—

‘MR. GOUGH AND THE LADIES.

‘We have before stated, that the ladies made Mr. Gough, on Friday afternoon last, at the close of his address at the Hammond street church, two beautiful presents, as “mementoes of their affectionate regard.” Mrs. F. T. Wheeler was selected to make the presentation address, which she did with a lady-like grace, peculiarly her own. The ladies most active in setting the matter on foot are entitled to much praise, and we do not believe their generous affection could have selected, had they ransacked the country through, a more worthy individual than Mr. Gough as the recipient



of their favors. We should like to call the names of several of the ladies we wot of, who have taken a very great interest in the present temperance movement, some of whom, we know, have been the means of doing much good, had we permission to do so. They may rest assured there are those who will never think of their names but with gratitude and affection. If it be not presumptuous, we will say to them persevere, — persevere.

‘The following is Mrs. Wheeler’s excellent and touching address, with which we have been kindly favored. To which Mr. Gough replied in a most feeling manner; stating, what is an honor to the ladies of Bangor, that from their hands he had received the first testimonial of the kind: —

“MR. GOUGH,—The ladies of Bangor, from a deep sense of gratitude for the great and unparalleled good which has been effected by your eloquent and energetic appeals, and desirous that you should possess some testimony of their high estimation of your worth, do, through me, their representative, request your acceptance of this *Annual*, and that you will retain it as a memento of their affectionate regard; and when you shall hereafter open it, and your eyes fall upon its pages, may it remind you how signally — how *wonderfully* — it has pleased God to bless your labors in Bangor; and may it elevate your thoughts and feelings to Him who has made you the honored instrument of saving so many from the miseries of intemperance, and inducing our beloved young men to dash the maddening cup from their lips, and return to the more quiet scenes of happiness and peace.

“The ladies have not been unmindful of the great sacrifice of domestic happiness, consequent upon your devotion to the cause of temperance and humanity, nor of the

amiable, the Christian companion, who must share the honors to which you so eminently entitle yourself; they therefore request you, on your return, to present her this *Basket*; that she may be reminded by the gift, bestowed mutually on you both, that, in your future absence from her, she must be contented to share her blessings with her country; happy in the assurance that your efforts will be crowned with the blessings of Heaven, and the approbation of the Society which surrounds you; while the poor and perishing, saved by your exertions, shall rise up and bless you, and be stars in your crown of rejoicing, for ever and ever."

'The Annual bears the following inscription:—

P R E S E N T E D

TO

MR. J. B. GOUGH, BY THE LADIES OF BANGOR,

AS A

MEMENTO OF THEIR GRATITUDE

For his faithful perseverance in the Cause of Temperance.

'The centre of the silver basket is engraved thus:—

MR. AND MRS. J. B. GOUGH.

FROM THE LADIES OF BANGOR.      September 28, 1844.

'A very beautiful gold pencil-case was also forwarded to Mr. Gough, on the 30th ult., by some young ladies of this city, who are not pledged to the cause of temperance. Many other tokens of respect were received by Mr. Gough from gentlemen of the city.'

Returning through Portland, I returned to the city of Boston, where I delivered several addresses; after which I

again visited Taunton. Here a grand temperance gathering took place, at which, addresses were delivered by Mr. Stanton, Dr. Jewett, and myself. Of one circumstance, connected with this celebration, the Taunton 'Dew-Drop' gives the following account:—

'An elegant Bible, purchased by the Ladies' Total Abstinence Society of this town, was then, on their behalf, presented to Mr. Gough, by Samuel L. Crocker, Esq., accompanied with the following neat and pertinent address:—

"MY KIND FRIEND,—The ladies have honored me with the office of presenting to you, my dear sir, this beautiful token of their regard.

"I trust I need not say, that, personally, I most fully sympathize with them in the feeling that prompted the gift; and that no one, more highly than myself, appreciates and loves the precious treasure that constitutes the gift.

"The ability, earnestness, and feeling with which you have advocated the great and good cause of temperance amongst us, has enlisted in your behalf universal admiration and esteem, and has induced, on the part of the ladies, this offering — an offering of comparatively trifling pecuniary cost, and yet, in itself, a treasure of priceless value.

"To the truths contained in this book are we mainly indebted for all that makes our life here upon earth agreeable and happy—to these truths *alone*, for all we hope for in the world beyond the grave, which endureth forever, and whither we are all hastening.

"The great work to which you have devoted yourself, is peculiarly a Christian enterprise, based upon the principles of this book. So far as our action is in accordance

with these principles — so far as we seek and follow the direction of its Divine Author, so far will our cause be furthered by his continued help, and blessed by his most gracious favor. And, on the contrary, whenever we depart from those principles, or fail to give them due prominence, we may be sure that we shall endanger, if we do not utterly destroy, the fair fabric we have raised.

“In all your doings, but especially in the glorious cause of temperance, I beg you will take this blessed book for your guide — make it your counsellor and friend, and you can never err; but it will lead you safely through all your trials, temptations, and difficulties, enable you triumphantly to overcome them all, and finally point out to you the way to happiness and heaven.”

‘Mr. Gough replied in his usually happy manner. He most heartily thanked the ladies for this expression of their regard for him as a humble advocate of temperance. He alluded to the lessons which his good mother had taught him from that blessed book. Many of those passages he had treasured up in his memory; he had never forgotten them. In his very worst days, some of them would be fresh in his mind. After finishing his remarks to Mr. Crocker, and thanking the ladies again, he placed the Bible on the table, and proceeded with his remarks to the audience.’

I also visited Marblehead, Providence, and Worcester; and, on the twenty-first of November, I started for New York city, and lectured occasionally in that city and its vicinity. Whilst in that quarter, I remained at the house of the Rev. John Marsh, at Brooklyn, about a fortnight; and I cannot but bear my willing testimony to the uniform kindness I have always received from this gentleman; who, I have already stated, ably fills the highly responsible office of

secretary to the American Temperance Union. To Mr. Marsh I owe much, for the judicious manner in which he arranged meetings which I was to address. Whilst at Brooklyn, I became acquainted with Mr. Hurlbut and Mr. Ripley, two gentlemen, than whom none have the cause of temperance more entirely at heart. Myself and my wife visited at Mr. Hurlbut's during a fortnight of our stay in Brooklyn, and received many proofs of their Christian kindness. Would there were many more such devoted friends of temperance, then indeed would 'the work go bravely on.' Before I left these valued friends, arrangements were made by them for holding meetings on Long Island.

Before I proceed further with my narrative, I would mention that, in addition to the testimonials I have already alluded to, I received from the Cold Water Army of Gardiner, a present of a Bible, and from the Young Ladies' Temperance Society of Boston, a Silver Cup. The following extract from the 'Fountain' journal, refers to the gift of the children:—

'Acting upon the suggestion of some two or three thorough going temperance young ladies of this village, the Cold Water Army of Gardiner, which by the way numbers more than a thousand, determined to express their good feelings by presenting him with a splendid copy of the Bible. Accordingly a meeting was called, and the little ones came together in great numbers, bringing with them their little contributions, which altogether made quite a respectable sum. With a part of this, the committee of the Army, Misses M. Dennis and E. Holman, purchased the present designed for Mr. Gough, and a portfolio for Deacon Grant. Mr. Gough was invited to meet the Army at the Methodist

chapel. Notwithstanding the storm, a large number of children and friends of the cause were present. After a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Smart, Mr. J. Winnett, principal of the Lyceum, in behalf of the enthusiastic donors, presented Mr. Gough with the (if rightly esteemed) invaluable donation, accompanied with the following very appropriate address:—

“Br. GOUGH,—In behalf of the children of the Cold Water Army of Gardiner, I present you this Bible, as a small token of that sincere esteem and gratitude which they so fondly cherish towards you, for your faithful and untiring exertions in their behalf, during your recent visit among them.

“Please, Sir, to accept it; and while turning over and reading its sacred pages, remember that the most holy feelings have prompted the gift, and that it will be with the deepest joy that they will learn of your success in raising the inebriate from his sufferings and degradation, and throwing around the rising generation that mantle of peace and security, which should guard, shield, and protect them against all the evils that follow in the train of intemperance.

“And, further, remember, when your eyes shall rest upon this precious book, how many hearts are rejoicing in consequence of your faithful exertions in the cause of benevolence and humanity; and may the thought inspire you to persevere to the end. And, when God, in his providence, shall call you from this scene of your labors and the world, that you may rest in those blissful regions where there are joys unspeakable and full of glory, is the heartfelt wish of this little army.”

Mr. Gough replied in a most interesting speech of three quarters of an hour's length. He thanked the children for this manifestation of their good-will, spoke of his own

redemption from the pit into which a depraved appetite had cast him, contrasted the state of the drunkard with the prospective condition of the members of the different cold water armies in the country; related briefly to them his movements and success since he was in Gardiner before; spoke of the pleasure he anticipated in being the bearer of the present to Deacon Grant; again tendered his thanks; invoked the blessing of heaven upon the Cold Water Army, and then bade them a kind farewell.'

The 'Boston Mail' thus notices the presentation of the Cup:—

'On Thursday evening, the ceremony of presenting to Mr. Gough a Silver Cup, was performed at the Tremont Temple. This honor was conferred upon him by the Young Ladies' Temperance Society of Boston, and he received it with becoming grace, and made a very effective speech on the occasion.'

A Bible was also presented me, by three ladies of Philadelphia; and two volumes of 'Notes,' by the Reverend Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia—the author. I might mention many other marks of kindness which have been shown me; but, feeling that enough has been said on this subject, I forbear, again assuring the reader that nothing but a sense of grateful feeling towards the donors induced me to record them in this form.

At the request of a lady, named Sanderson, I was induced to visit that dreary abode of misery and crime—the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, near New York. Mrs. Sanderson, like the celebrated Mrs. Fry, of England, and Miss Dix, of America, devotes much of her time to, what would appear to some, the almost hopeless task of reforming the wretched beings who are consigned to this fearful

place. In the language of the Superintendent of the Prison, 'she does more good than fifty men.' My object in going was to hold a temperance meeting. Soon after my arrival, the doors of the different cells, which are built in tiers, one over another, were opened, and the convicts, male and female (some eight hundred in number), were led into the large chapel of the Penitentiary, and informed by the keeper of the object of the meeting. His Honor, the Mayor, James Harper, Esq., occupied the pulpit, and one or two clergymen, and some other gentlemen, were present. The Boston Quartette Club attended, and performed several appropriate pieces of music.

It was a striking sight, that assemblage of men and women, of all ages and descriptions. There was the hardened criminal, and the youth who had only just commenced the career of crime — women who retained little of womanhood in their swollen and bloated features, and young girls, on whose countenances traces of beauty yet lingered, sat side by side: *all* had committed offences against the laws, and were enduring its punishment. Such an audience I never before stood up to address; the spectacle was fearfully interesting.

In noticing the service, the New York 'Sun' said:—

'At the early part of the meeting, the prisoners seemed rather indifferent to what was going on; but the first sound of Mr. Gough's voice had scarcely died away, ere their hardened countenances began to relax, and, in a few moments, every eye was riveted on the speaker, with an expression of the deepest interest. As he proceeded with his touching appeals, many a rough cheek was moistened with tears, and the words '*that's the truth*' were often nodded about the room, as plainly as if they had been



spoken. The women, particularly, seemed much affected; and manifested less anxiety to conceal their feelings than the men. It may not be improper to mention, too, that the optics of our worthy chief magistrate were, at intervals, unusually red; but this might have been owing to the rough wind he had encountered in crossing the river, or to an improper adjustment of the spectacles on his benevolent nose.'

At the close of my address, His Honor requested those of the prisoners, who would like to have another temperance meeting held there some Sunday, to manifest it by raising their hands. Every hand in the room, apparently was instantly shown, and one poor fellow ventured to bawl out, 'Let's have one *every* Sunday.' I am informed, that, after I left the Penitentiary, several of the prisoners applied to the Superintendent, and requested permission to sign the pledge.

Principally through the suggestion and exertions of my kind and valued friends, Mr. Hurlbut and Mr. Ripley, of Brooklyn, a benefit was got up for me, on Christmas evening, at the Tabernacle, in Broadway, New York. The New York press took the matter in hand, and, almost without exception, did all in their power to promote the object in view. The attendance at the Tabernacle was very large, and fully answered its intended object. At its close, a series of resolutions were passed, which expressed approval of my efforts in the temperance cause, and a desire that I should again visit the city.

I again left New York for Boston; and, on the 29th of December, delivered another address, at the Tremont Temple, in that city, after which I proceeded to Taunton, where a meeting was held, at which I spoke, for the benefit of Mr.

Williams, editor of the Taunton 'Dew Drop,' a deserving little sheet, devoted to the interests of the temperance cause.

The year was now drawing to a close, and it was arranged that a grand meeting, in Faneuil Hall, should be held on its last evening. I was present, and delivered an address on the interesting occasion. The old 'Cradle of Liberty' contained a vast assemblage, and hundreds who were present felt that, since the dying year commenced, they had thrown off fetters which had long galled them, and were now blessed with freedom, in its noblest sense. Minds which had long bowed down in blind idolatry to the monster—rum, had been emancipated from its tyrannic rule, and now saw the old year, as it passed away, bearing with it the record of their liberty. Many were there, too, who had welcomed in that year with song and wine—who had wreathed about its young temples the garland which dissipation loves to twine, and sent it, as it were, reeling on its pathway towards the future; but who now watched it, departing forever, laden with ardent hopes, high resolves, and, better than either, fulfilled purposes. During that year, what changes had taken place. When the keen blasts of January howled round yonder dwelling, in the outskirts of this populous city, a pale, wan woman might have been sitting

'Plying her needle and thread,'

and as she pondered on the new year, just entered upon its existence, she looked forward to its months with no hope, and reverted to the past with no pleasure. The past! what had it written on the page of memory, to cheer her? He to whom her young vows were given—who had promised to love and cherish her, had all but deserted her—and had buried feeling and affection in the intoxicating cup.

One by one, every slender thread of comfort had snapped, and with them some fine heartstrings cracked too. Earth to her appeared but a long dreary desert, over which a miserable caravan was passing, from which each after the other, the wretched pilgrims turned away and died, far from the refreshing fountains for which they pined. And the partner of that lone woman was away bidding farewell to the old year, and welcoming the new with the poisonous cup, and the thoughtless toast, forgetting that every moment which floated by bore its record with it. That midnight scene might have been in the eye of the writer, who, in portraying such a scene of sorrow, says:—

‘ Within a chamber pale and dim,  
A pale wan woman waits in vain,  
Through the long anxious hours for him,  
Away:— In want, and wasting pain  
A babe upon her knee is pining,  
Its winning smiles all scared away;  
She almost hopes the sun’s next ray  
May on its calm cold corse be shining.  
Poor watcher! He comes not; she dreams  
Perchance of her old home; and now  
Upstarting with a livid brow,  
Clasps the babe closer to her breast;  
That dying child, yet loved the best.’

But, lo! a marvellous change has been effected. One evening when she was thus wasting and watching, her husband came home, in a miserable state of intoxication. She bore all his ill-humor, ay, even his brutality; and she tended him, and cared for him, as only a woman can. Morning came, and still the half-stupefied drunkard lay on his bed; but that day, salvation, in a temporal, if not in a higher and better sense, came to his house. The white-

robed angel—temperance—went there an unbidden guest; kind words were spoken—encouragement was afforded—the *pledge* was signed—the fetters were broken. O! what a change! Smiles once more beamed on the wife's brow, and the home became a home indeed.

Look at that man there in the crowd, who is shouting with all his might, after the speaker has uttered some remark which makes the old 'Cradle' ring again with applause; his eye is bright—his complexion is clear—his step is firm, and his hand is steady. A cheerful-looking woman is leaning on his arm, and well-dressed, cleanly children are by them (the youngest is in its father's arms, crowing and bawling with the best of them). Can that be the man who heralded in the year with intemperate glee? and that the woman who sat desolate indeed in her wretched garret? and those the children who were ragged, and miserable? Yes! and temperance wrought the change. O! there were many such trophies of its peaceful conquests in Faneuil Hall that night!

And I had my recollections, too, as I stood on that platform. What had I been, two or three years before? Why a houseless, homeless, inebriate! Penniless, friendless, and almost hopeless. Little recked I how the days, months, and years rolled on; I seized the winged moments as they passed and plunged them into the maddening bowl. A comic song was my Christmas carol. The old year was despatched with a Bacchanalian glee, and the new one hailed with uproarious mirth. I scarcely took 'note of time,' even from its loss; but by the grace of God a change had been effected, and there I stood, on the last evening of eighteen hundred and forty-four, a humble monument of his mercy, feeling, as I trust I ever shall feel, that out of my utter weakness He had in me perfected

strength to stand up and be privileged to warn others of the dangers of indulging in that which intoxicates. Unto His name would I ascribe all the glory.

With the new year I continued my exertions in the temperance cause; but before I proceed further with this narrative, which now draws near to a conclusion, I perhaps may be allowed to mention the result of my labors up to this time. I do not refer to the matter for the purpose of seeking praise from man, which so far as it is unaccompanied by the blessing which cometh from on high, is to me utterly valueless, but merely as statistical facts which to many friends of the cause may not be without interest.

I find, from notes which I have kept ever since I commenced the work of temperance reform, that, from the 15th of May, 1843, to the 1st of January, 1845, I travelled more than twelve thousand miles, by land and water: delivered six hundred and five public addresses, in churches, halls, public buildings, and in the open air, one hundred and ten of which were in the city of Boston alone; and obtained thirty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty signatures to the total abstinence pledge.

In the commencement of the present year, I again visited New York, and from thence proceeded to Philadelphia. It will be remembered, that I was prevented from delivering addresses in the 'City of Brotherly Love,' on my first visit to it, by the occurrence of the disastrous riots there, but quiet had now been long restored.

I delivered my first address, on Sunday evening, the 5th of January, at the Rev. Mr. Ides, First Baptist church, to a large audience: several placed their names to the pledge. On the Monday, I spoke at the Rev. Mr. Stockton's church, but felt great difficulty in doing so, having taken a severe

cold on my journey. My next address was given at the Rev. Albert Barnes's church, Washington square, the largest in Philadelphia: it was crowded. Dr. Ely's church, in Buttonwood street, was open for me next evening: here again was a crowded congregation. My cold had now become so troublesome, that I announced I should not speak on the morrow; but, when the next evening arrived, several gentlemen so earnestly desired me to attend at Dr. Wiley's church, that I complied with their request, and, although suffering much from cold, spoke for about an hour. On the following Sunday evening, I addressed the medical students who were in Philadelphia attending lectures at the various medical schools, at the Rev. Mr. Lord's church. In the afternoon of the day, I spoke to a large concourse of Sabbath-school children, in Mr. Barnes's church, which, as well as Mr. Lord's church in the evening, was crowded to excess.

On Monday evening, the 13th, there was an immense meeting in the saloon of the Chinese Museum. Some idea of the enthusiasm, which the cause excited, may be formed from a knowledge of the fact, that two thousand three hundred tickets of admission, at twenty-five cents each, were sold, and that hundreds were unable to obtain admission. I spoke at this meeting, and much good seemed to be effected. The next day, I addressed a very large audience at the Rev. Mr. Mason's, Methodist church. On Wednesday afternoon, as many aged persons and invalids, who could not get out in the evening, had expressed a desire to hear me, I gave an address, in Dr. McDowell's church, which was so crowded, that another meeting was organized in the basement, which was addressed by that venerable champion of temperance, Mr. Hunt. That afternoon, two hundred and sixty persons signed the pledge. In the even-

ing, I spoke for the Boston Quartette Club, at the Assembly Rooms.

On Thursday evening, the 16th, the upper saloon of the Chinese Museum was filled to overflowing, at twenty-five cents per ticket, half of the proceeds being given to the poor. In addition to an address from myself, the Rev. Mr. Hunt spoke, and there was music and singing by Johnson's Band and the Boston Quartette Club.

I cannot cease speaking of this visit to Philadelphia, without expressing the high gratification I derived from it, both with regard to the impulse given to the temperance cause, and the personal kindness which I received from many friends there, amongst whom I feel great pleasure in mentioning the Rev. Albert Barnes, the erudite author of the 'Notes' on various portions of the Holy Scriptures. I received, also, from many other ministers of Philadelphia, great encouragement and Christian kindness, which I shall not easily forget.

After leaving Philadelphia, I visited and spoke at Newark, in Dr. Eddy's church, and then proceeded to New York. On this occasion, myself and wife visited G. C. Ripley, Esq., at Brooklyn, and enjoyed some delightful intercourse with him and his family, as well as with our kind friend, Mr. Hurlbut, at whose house I remained during a former visit.

At New York, I spoke, on Sunday, the 19th, in the Rev. Mr. Smith's church, Rivington street; on Monday, at the Rev. Mr. Mason's, in Broome street. On Tuesday, I accompanied Mr. Hurlbut and Mr. Ripley to Jamaica, where I spoke, and enjoyed a pleasant season. On the morning of the 22d, I accompanied the Rev. Mr. Marsh to the State Convention at Trenton, and spoke before the Legislature in the evening. The next day, I went to New Brunswick,

and, after speaking at Dr. Richard's church, obtained eighty-five names to the pledge, and returned to Brooklyn next day.

I next visited Patterson, and spoke there on Sunday evening: two hundred names were affixed to the pledge. On my return to New York, I spoke at Dr. Skinner's church, more especially to the ladies, many of whom signed the pledge. On the evening of Tuesday, the 28th, I delivered an address for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, Brooklyn; and the same evening spoke for a short time at the Broadway Tabernacle.

I afterwards delivered two farewell addresses, one at the New York Tabernacle, and the other at Brooklyn, and left for Boston on the last day of January. On Sunday evening, February 2d, I spoke at the Odeon; at the upper Town Hall, Worcester, on Monday, 3d; at the State House, before the Legislature, on Wednesday, the 5th; and at Faneuil Hall, on the 6th. On the 7th, I visited Concord, and gave an address at the opening of the Shepherd's Temperance House there. On the evening of Sunday, the 9th instant, I spoke, to a very full audience, at the Tremont Temple, and bade a farewell for some months. The next week was devoted to the rest which I absolutely required; and having, on Monday, the 17th, addressed the ladies of Boston, at Mr. Barrett's, in Chambers street, in the afternoon, I left my home, once more, on the following day; and, when then these pages meet the eye of the reader, I shall be in the South, humbly endeavoring to forward the good work.

Before I again return, if the Almighty Disposer of events shall spare my health and strength to me, I shall have visited Richmond, Washington, and other places, and have fulfilled an engagement of four weeks on Long



Island, made for me by my friends, Messrs. Hurlbut and Ripley, than whom more devoted friends of the great temperance reform do not exist.

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Before I bid the reader farewell, and it is high time that I should do so, having been so long ‘harping on one string,’ I have a few remarks to make, which I trust will be received in the spirit in which they are offered.

And, first, I would advert to a statement which has been made by certain parties, that I am no Washingtonian. Now, for what object such assertions have been industriously put forth, I am at a loss to determine, but that such is the case I have been assured. In reply to the charge, if charge it be, I answer that ever since I have been the public advocate of the temperance cause, I have enforced, as strongly as I possibly could, the necessity and policy of observing the law of kindness towards the unfortunate persons who have become the victims of intemperance. I have advocated moral suasion *alone*, and in its fullest extent, too, in the case of the drunkard. But with respect to the rumseller, who sells that which causes his fellow-man to become an inebriate — who, for the sake of acquiring wealth, places that within a man’s reach that disqualifies him for exercising the reason with which his Maker endowed him, and reduces him to a grade far below the level of the beasts that perish — who *sells* him that which unfits him for discharging the duties of a man and a citizen, towards his family and his country, — I say with respect to such a man, who, when the startling truths of the case are pressed home to his heart and conscience, still persists in poisoning the streams of society at their

very fountain heads, that different and more stringent measures should be adopted. In my opinion, and I say it in all love to the rumseller himself, he should be prevented by the strong arm of the law from endangering, from merely mercenary motives, the peace, the prosperity, and the morals of the community at large. I will labor heart and hand with my fellow-men in the attempt to rid our land of the monster intemperance. Let those who advocate moral suasion alone go only a part of the way with me in the crusade against it if they will. If they refuse to advance further, be it so; but I hold it to be my duty, my imperative duty, to proceed yet another step, even if I go alone, and throw another wall of protection around the wretched and almost helpless child of intemperance, by placing moral and legal restraint upon the hands, which, for the sake of dollars and cents, would administer to the cravings of his depraved appetite. As surely as effect follows cause, so certainly would drunkenness diminish and disappear altogether, if there were no drunkard makers. My motto is, 'reform it altogether.' Annihilate the traffic, and then, temptation removed, the poor inebriate would have no enemy left to vanquish, and be free indeed. If this be, as I believe it to be, a fair exposition of the Washingtonian creed, then am I a Washingtonian. I highly respect and esteem many who differ from me in my sentiments, and willingly would I work with such devoted men as John F. Coles, of Boston, Edgar K. Whittaker, Esq., of Needham, Samuel A. Walker, of Brookline, Capt. Samuel F. Holbrook, Dr. Channing, of Boston, and many others whom I could mention; but still my own conviction remains that moral suasion alone for the rumseller would be as useless in the effort to remove

drunkenness, as it would be ridiculous to attempt to empty the ocean drop by drop.

In my narrative I have frequently adverted to the kindness of friends ; some, in my days of adversity, showed me favors which I never shall forget, whilst this heart continues to beat. It has been my happiness and privilege to be enabled to cancel every obligation which I contracted, so far as pecuniary matters are concerned ; but the debt of gratitude which I incurred in more than one instance, never can be repaid. To each and all who befriended me when there existed no earthly prospect of their kindness being requited, I shall ever feel indebted.

I feel it necessary here to mention, with regard to the head of the family, Mr. ———, with whom I left England, to state, that I believe him to have been kindly disposed towards me, and towards him I feel a Christian regard. This avowal is drawn from me because it has been reported that I have endeavored to produce a different impression.

Nor can I ever feel sufficiently thankful for the friends whom the Lord has provided me with. They need no acknowledgement or praise from me, but I cannot close this little volume without gratefully assuring them that they will ever have honored places in my heart of hearts. Amongst them, I may mention Deacon Grant, of Boston, who, through good and through ill report has ever been my firm and faithful friend. The Rev. John Marsh, of New York, to whom I owe many acknowledgments for his frequent direction and advice. The Rev. John Pierpont, the Rev. William B. Tappan, Mr. Mellen, Mr. Thompson, of Boston ; Mr. J. L. L. F. Warren, of Brighton ; Messrs. Williams, of Roxbury ; Samuel D.

Davenport, Esq., and family, of Hopkinton, and many others whose names, if chronicled here would swell my little work far beyond its prescribed limits. To the Press of Boston, and of the country generally, I am under large and lasting obligations, for the kind and indulgent manner in which my name has been so often mentioned; and I cannot suffer this opportunity of thanking the members of it to pass by unheeded.

And now, in reviewing all the ways in which the Lord hath led me, I feel, and would express, how much I owe to Him, by whose grace 'I am what I am.' Left alone, and unprotected in a stranger land, he watched my footsteps, and inclined my heart, in some degree, to seek his face and favor; but mysterious are the dealings of his providence. I was left to myself. Temptation assailed me and I fell — O! how low. Misery was my constant companion for many months; but deeply as I had sunk in the estimation of the world, one still watched my footsteps and preserved me from ruin when trembling on the very verge of destruction. Then was his hand outstretched to save me, and life again seemed enlightened by God's approving smile. But I depended for support upon an arm of flesh — on a broken reed; and the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to humble me unto the very dust. He showed me that without strength from on high, I was unequal to the conflict; and in the school of affliction, I trust he taught me how feeble were my resolves, and how fruitless my endeavors, whilst I built my hopes upon aught below the skies.

In my violation of the solemn pledge, I feel a humble consciousness that he who doeth all things well, saw fit to abase me, in order that every reliance on self might be scattered to the winds, and my feet placed upon the Rock

of Ages, so that my goings might be established. I had failed to acknowledge him in all my ways, and his hand mercifully interposed to check the growth of those seeds of pride and worldly wisdom which had begun to germinate, and already threatened to choke the good seed which his grace had implanted. I trust that I recognized in this trial the dealings of a merciful Father's hand; and it is my fervent hope that, with whatever success he may be pleased to crown my labors, his may be all the glory. I would disclaim all power in and of myself, and desire earnestly the influences of his Holy Spirit, without which I feel I can do nothing.

A few words, and I have done. This little book may by chance fall into the hands of young persons, and Sabbath-school children. O! may it serve as a warning to young men! If they would be honorable, useful, and happy, I conjure them, by all that is holy, virtuous, and even what we call respectable, to 'tarry not at the wine.' God forbid that they should learn experience in the bitter school in which I was a scholar, and from which I was plucked as a brand from the burning. I have not written these pages for the mere purpose of gratifying curiosity; a higher motive has, I trust, influenced me; and O, how happy should I be, in hearing, at some future period, that only one young man had been arrested in his fatal career. My hope is that this book will be useful. And, if the blessing of God should follow a perusal of it, in but one case, I shall have reason for thankfulness that I penned it, through all eternity.

Let Sabbath-school children remember, that I, like them, once listened to the kind instructions of a teacher [whom, sixteen years after, I accidentally met in Brooklyn, at a friend's house.] Had I then had an opportunity of signing the temperance pledge, the misery of a drunkard's feelings

would, most probably, have been spared me. Let every child *feel* that, by signing that pledge, he cannot, if he sacredly adheres to it, ever become intoxicated. I pray God that no Sabbath scholar, who reads my experience, will ever feel in their own persons, or experience what it has been mine to endure.

The concluding portion of this work, I have been compelled to leave in the hands of a friend, who has kindly engaged to prepare it for the press, during my unavoidable absence, for some months, from home. As he will speak for himself, with respect to the matter of it, I shall now lay down my pen, humbly relying for aid in my future endeavors to stem the tide of intemperance, on him, without whom all human effort is vain, and in whose strength we may fearlessly go forth to wage an exterminating war against all that is opposed to the coming of his glorious kingdom.

## A P P E N D I X.

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A VERY light, but very pleasant task has been imposed on me, by my friend, Mr. Gough, and of which I shall avail myself, if but for the purpose of giving a few remarks of mine some chance of being remembered. The poems, &c., which follow, have been, at different times, addressed to the subject of the foregoing narrative, and are presented here by the request of friends, who desired that they should find a more durable place than the one afforded by the columns of a newspaper. Some of them are from distinguished pens, and all bear the impress of a genuine feeling of respect for their subject. The reader may rest assured, that no feeling of vanity caused their republication; if any imputation of the kind attaches to any one, those friends who advised the procedure, and not Mr. Gough, must bear the infliction.

My own remarks shall be few. Some short time since, a contribution of mine appeared in the Boston 'Temperance Standard,' which excited some attention and interest among Mr. Gough's friends. As it contained a graphic account of his person and manner, it was suggested that it should be added to this volume, which it has accordingly been. To those who have seen and heard Mr. Gough, it may revive pleasant impressions, and to those who have not, some idea of his outward man may not be unwelcome.

Who would have imagined, that the schoolmistress's child, roaming on the beach at Sandgate, reading columns of news for pence in Purday's library, or rambling among the ruins of the old castle; or the lonely boy in New York, or the bowed-down, dissipated young man in Worcester, would ever have exerted so mighty a moral influence as Mr Gough assuredly does? 'It is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes.' That he may long live to effect still more good, in this and other lands, is the sincere prayer of one, who, at his instigation, abandoned forever that which intoxicates, and feels an honest pride in calling him a friend.

J. D. R.

*Boston, March, 1845.*



## ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE.

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[The following address was delivered by Mr. Gough, before a meeting of the Boston Temperance Society, at the Odeon. It was reported for the 'Temperance Standard,' by J. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., and affords a fair specimen, as far as *matter* is concerned, of Mr. Gough's style. His *manner* is quite unreportable. J. D. R.]

ON Sabbath evening, February 2, 1845, the Odeon was crowded for the purpose of hearing the great advocate of total abstinence, and the Colossus of the cause, Mr. J. B. Gough, for the first time since his return from Philadelphia, where he has reaped a superabundant harvest.

Mr. Gough rose, and spoke nearly as follows:—He said he supposed that the audience would not expect any apology from him for again appearing before them on the same subject. When he was away from this city, he liked to come back to it, because he considered it his home. He returned from his tours, sometimes to see his friends, and sometimes for rest; but, when he came, they set him to work. If there was any blame to be attached for his standing before a Boston audience on the subject of temperance, it must be laid on the shoulders of those who employed him. He felt that this question had been handled in so many different ways, and by so many able men, that it was impossible to strike out any thing that was new, and there-

fore he must repeat his own experience, which he would offer to them as his arguments. He gathered facts, as he proceeded with his labors, with which he could illustrate the truths which he proposed for the consideration of the public. These would enable him to enlighten their minds, although he knew it would be perfectly ridiculous on his part to attempt to enlighten them on any other subject. It had been said that temperance men gave an account of such deeds, and of such scenes, as had never been witnessed. Perhaps they had not been witnessed by these skeptics and cavillers. Why? because they do not go where they were to be witnessed. They acknowledged that intemperance was an evil, but they knew nothing about its desolating and terrible effects. Their knowledge of the evil was similar to that of the person who had seen another undergo the pain of amputation. The one had felt the excruciating agony of the operation, while the other could but indifferently conceive what it was. He was so engaged, that he was obliged to see a great many things. He was obliged to lift up the curtain, and expose the woe, misery, and wretchedness which were concealed behind it. He would say to the incredulous, to those who supposed that the evil was magnified, go to the prisons and see the condition of the drunkard, see him at his wretched home. His time, from morning till night, for the last ten days, had been employed in visiting such scenes. When they spoke of the drunkard, it was supposed that it was only the lower orders, as they were called, who were meant. He granted that they saw more of them—he granted that they more frequently saw the poor drunkard staggering his way through the streets. But he could tell them that the drunkard was to be found in the higher order of society. There was scarcely a house in which some member of the family was not seathed or

burned by the fire of intemperance. When he was in Philadelphia, a lady called upon him to know whether he would visit her sister's husband, in order to see if any thing could be done for him. He (Mr. G.) replied that he would not, unless the person wished it. He had made it a rule, never to visit a drunkard unsolicited by himself, because he knew how a drunkard felt. It often happened that the remnant of that pride, which was not yet extinguished by the rum, was excited, and that the degraded outcast exclaimed, 'Who asked you for your assistance? — who gave you any information about me?' When it was the drunkard's wish to see him, he went with the utmost willingness. But he never made unsolicited visits, unless to the drunkard who was in distress, or to the house of mourning in which lay some deceased inebriate. To such places he went uninvited, to learn if he could do some good.

The Philadelphia lady told him that she would not have it known for the world that she had called upon him, because, said she, 'We don't go to temperance meetings, they are not genteel enough.' Well, those were the feelings which very often kept ladies and gentlemen away from the meetings; but, whenever they had been induced to go, they were pleased with what they heard and saw; and, when questioned about their visit, they said, 'O! we did not know that so much could be said upon the subject of temperance. We thought it was quite a vulgar thing to be seen at such meetings, and, therefore, we have not taken any part in the matter.' A meeting was advertised to be held in the splendid saloon of the Philadelphia Museum, the admission to which was twenty-five cents. It was said, by the young man in question, 'There are not fools enough in Philadelphia to pay a quarter of a dollar for going to a temperance meeting!' Very well; the person whom he

had been requested to visit went to the saloon, and seeing crowds of persons standing outside, and coming away, there being no room in the saloon, thought that there was some difficulty. He saw the proprietor, to whom he said, 'I suppose you can procure seats for me and these two ladies.' 'O!' replied the proprietor, 'you cannot get into the vestibule.' Such was the brilliancy and magnificence of that scene, that a representation of it was made for the London 'Illustrated News,' and which would probably be out by the next mail from England. Half the proceeds of the meeting was for the poor. O! it was indeed a glorious sight. The room, which was two hundred and forty-three feet in length, was packed with human beings. He found himself among men of the highest respectability — men of rank, influence, and education. It was sufficient, that he mentioned the names of Chancey, Horace Binney, J. A. Brown, &c., &c. The countenance and coöperation of such men were a tower of strength to the cause.

He would relate to them the particulars of another case which had come under his knowledge in Philadelphia. A lady called upon him, and politely requested him to call at her house. He accepted the invitation. He was shown into a magnificently furnished room, (since he had become a temperance man he had been in some tolerably well-furnished apartments, but, most certainly, he had never been in any which was more gorgeously laid out than the one he alluded to,) it was ornamented with rich and valuable articles from China, and India; on the floor was a carpet of the richest colors, and which felt to the foot like velvet. He took his seat on a sofa, in the cushions of which he was almost buried. He thought to himself that there was nothing for him to do there, and he was beginning to be of opinion that he had got into the wrong place.

(laughter,) when in came a lady who was the very personification of aristocracy. She spoke of her darling boy, and expressed her poignant regret, that he, with all the pride of character, and of manliness, should commit such a fault! 'Why,' said the lady, 'Mr. Gough, would you believe it, he came home drunk last night!' Why, there were hundreds and thousands of such cases, although that lady had supposed that her son was the only one who was afflicted with the loathsome disease of intemperance. No adequate idea of the extent and magnitude of the fatal propensity could be formed. But he was rejoiced, and he returned his thanks to Providence, that the deep and broad lines of the approbation of the God of the Sabbath were stamped upon the cause; that men of mind, and talent, and influence, and rank, were coming up to the great work, and that the last hour of intemperance was approaching. There was a class of human beings who suffered much from and by this hateful vice. He meant the little children. Who was there that did not love a little child, an innocent, a sweet little child. Surely, there was not one in that assembly who did not. He would not think much of one who did not. In this city there were numbers of degraded, ruffianly boys, who were ragged, dirty, and filthy; upon whose countenances sensuality and brutality were marked, and who were fit candidates for the State prisons. Look at them, and the cause of their degradation, and their rapidly coming ruin. In nine cases out of ten it would be found that the parents of those boys were drunkards. When in New York, he went with His Honor, the Mayor, to Blackwell's Island, and there he saw eight hundred human beings, apparently the most abandoned and brutalized, that he had ever cast his eyes upon. One half of them could neither read nor write, and had had no reli-

gious education. Well, if the question was asked it would be found that intemperance was the cause of that vast and indescribable amount of human degradation and human misery. Children were thrust into the streets on such a day as that was, when the cold was so piercing as to get into the very marrow in their little bones, to pick up pennies to enable the wretched, criminal, unnatural parents to procure rum. He had seen one little girl of whom he had taken some notice. In the assembly before him there was not one more interesting looking than that poor, unfortunate, and ill-fated child. She was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and her raiment was hardly sufficient for the requirements of decency. He asked, why did that girl go so? The answer was, her father was a drunkard. Well, said he, (Mr. G.) was she not old enough to go out to work? Where was her spirit? The reply was, 'that child's mother is in a consumption, and four children are dependent upon that girl's exertions.' O! he conjured them to reflect upon the sufferings caused by intemperance among the children of this city, and to come forward with their assistance to exterminate the hideous monster. Look at, and reflect upon the sufferings of mothers, sisters, and brothers. He never would forget the heart-piercing recital of an old woman in Worcester county. Her boy, in whom all her affections were centered, and over whose helpless infancy she had watched many a night and day, had contracted the vice of drunkenness; delirium tremens had seized him, he went away and was absent for three years. On one evening his broken-hearted and aged mother was reading in the Bible that passage, which described Jesus Christ casting the devil out of the blind man, because he was crying and cutting himself among the tombs. She laid down the sacred volume, and exclaimed, 'Ah, my poor son is

this night perhaps crying, and cutting himself among the tombs.' She threw herself upon her knees, and prayed for him. Her boy returned that night; he had signed the pledge. Not wishing to go into the presence of his honored parent before he removed from his person the effects of the travelling, he went into a tavern which was contiguous to his mother's residence. The landlord said to him that he had not seen him for some time, that he was not looking well, and asked him to drink something. The young man said no, he had signed the pledge. The landlord told him that that was of no consequence. He might sign the pledge in one town, and break it in another. The young man as yet held out against the assaults of the grim tempter. He said he did not want any thing to drink. Yet, said Mr. Gough, he did want something to gratify his passion, for it had not yet submitted. He had to battle against his appetite. Often he (Mr. G.) had been obliged to put, with his trembling hands, the laudanum-bottle to his lips, which rattled against his teeth in order to quench the thirst for rum. A man was not free when he signed the pledge. O! no. He was still in chains. He had many struggles to make, for the purpose of obtaining the mastery over his appetite. The system was weakened, and he longed for his rum.

But to return whence he had digressed. The mother rejoiced that her son, who was dead, was come to life again; that he was about to throw himself into her arms, exclaiming, in accents of ecstasy, 'Mother, mother, I have returned to you, I have signed the pledge, take care of me!' But, alas! that meeting between the repentant child and the rejoicing mother was not realized—it did not come to pass. The tempter succeeded, the young man broke his pledge, and after he had done so, the de-

mon landlord laid a wager that the violater of his pledge would drink a pint of rum, without taking it from his lips. The wager was taken up, which was liquor for all round; the rum was brought, the young man drank it up; shortly after, he, the only son of his mother, was found dead. His body was wrapt up in a buffalo skin and was conveyed to his mother's house on a plank. The old woman looked up into his (Mr. Gough's) face, when she told him what she had said to the landlord. 'I taxed him with having murdered my boy, and I told him that he would have to answer for it before God. May God forgive me, I cursed him.' The reply of the heartless rumseller was, that he did not know that the ill-fated young man was her son. Thus had died that unhappy youth; he had died drunk, and in the death of a drunkard there was no hope.

Indignation was excited against the landlord, and he was compelled to leave the place. He went to Norwich, where he continues in the murderous traffic, if he be not dead. But the wrath of the public did not heal or cicatrize the wounded heart of the inconsolable mother. He would ask, how long would the rumseller be allowed to perpetrate such deeds of blood? How long would the friends of humanity stand tamely by, while thousands upon thousands of human beings were sacrificed to the Moloch of rum?

When he took up a newspaper, he read the accounts of rum-tragedies, which were sufficient to make one's blood quiver in his veins. Sometime ago, a man in Pittsfield, under the dominion of rum, murdered his wife, and afterwards murdered his child. Yet, that man had said, that he had loved his wife; she had never quarrelled with him for drinking, but she would stare at him, and that look haunted him every where; it was in the very glass, he said; he saw it as he lifted it to his lips. One day, on his return, and when



under the fatal influence of the rum, he saw his wife sitting in her chair; her eyes were red and inflamed, as though she had been crying; a tear was still on her cheek, her hair was dishevelled. She gave him a look, not a look of anger or contempt, but a look of sorrow; he went into another room, got his rifle, and shot her.

Again, the newspapers related the particulars of fatal accidents which had befallen drunkards on the railroads. His own conviction was, that the drunkard having despaired of himself, would drink to excess, and then fall upon the track, being aware, before all his senses had left him, that the cars would roll over, and crush him to death. He believed that such were the feelings and intention of the drunkard, the irreclaimable drunkard. If they doubted what he said, let them go and ask the reformed drunkard. The drunkard's body was like that of death; he always carried about him a load of self-contempt, which was bitter to bear. He compared the drunkard to one who was obliged to carry every where with him a dead body. It sat down with him when he sat down, and rose with him when he rose. It was always there. Turn whichever way he would, it was there, a glaring, livid mass. If he wanted to avert his eyes from it, he could not, without beholding the hideous spectacle. It so brooded upon his soul, like a monster of death, that, with St. Paul, he exclaimed, 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' Yes, the drunkard would rather risk the pains and torments of the other world, than be subject to the horrors, such as he (Mr. G.) had endeavored to describe. They were called upon to wage war against all intoxicating beverages, whether they were used in the fashionable circles, at social parties, at weddings, at the large hotels, the low, miserable restorators,

or the filthy rum-grocery, where the miserable drunken idiots gasp for their cent's worth of the fiery poison.

There was one class of persons, who, perhaps unintentionally, did more to perpetuate intemperance, than all the grog-shops put together. He knew that to be the fact. But of that class he would not speak that evening. The first glass, which had made thousands drunkards, had been taken at other places beside the bar-room; he meant at the social parties. But, it was said by some, that their influence could avail nothing in the great moral movement, and that if a man cannot govern himself, he had better let it alone. Now, he would challenge that large assembly, nay, the world, to state instances where a man had been better, morally, physically, or intellectually, by taking a glass of wine. But how many thousands had become drunkards by that glass? There were at present, in this country, notwithstanding the temperance reformation, *five hundred thousand drunkards*, thirty thousand of whom, every year, descend into the drunkard's grave; and they begun with the first glass of cider, rum, brandy, or wine. Were they not called upon to abolish the practice? Did they not owe it to themselves to do so? Did not the interests of their children require of them to do so? He would ask whether any father in that assembly would be willing to place his son in one scale, and fashion in the other, and then wait to see who would kick the beam. Would any fond father like to risk the happiness of his boy in such a way?

Mr. Gough then alluded to the young lady who had lost her life at Table Rock, by an attempt to pluck a shrub, which was upon its brink. She made one false step, 'she cried out, save me! and over she went.' Would any father tell his son that he could pluck it, to go and do so, and let the world see how cool he was; as cool as though he was

standing in his own drawing-room? No. No father would speak thus to his child. He would tell him not to make the attempt; his foot might slip, and he might lose his life. The son, perhaps, would say to his father, that there was no danger of him; that it did not follow because a giddy-headed young lady had fallen over the precipice into the gulf of destruction, which was beneath her, that the same fate was to await him. Very good, very plausible argument, very specious paralogism; but let it be remembered that hundreds of thousands go annually to pluck the shrub, and that thirty thousand of them fall over the precipice! Some said that only weak-minded men became drunkards. That was not true. He would take two men; one should be a steady-going, plodding kind of a character, always looking ahead, and not deviating to the right nor to the left, but pursuing the even tenor of his way, taking a glass of wine in the way of business; he should be a person not calculated to do much harm or much good, and one who had never been supposed to have lived, until his death appeared in the newspapers. The other should be a person of warm temperament, full of life, of genius, and of learning; a favorite with the ladies, for the fascinations of his attainments; the admired of the fashionable circle, for his graceful dancing, for his beautiful playing, and for his charming singing. Such a man, if he took his glass of wine, would, beyond all doubt, become a drunkard; but no power, no persuasion, no entreaties, could bring the other within the influence of the glass; in a word, it was impossible to make him a drunkard. The one stood on the edge of the outer circle, but the other went within the inner circles, which grew narrower and narrower, until he was swallowed up in the vortex, where tens of thousands went, and where they would

remain, until the arrival of that terrible day, when the great secret would be revealed.

The cry of no danger, was a vain cry. Men said they had no desire to drink. How did they know that? The next time that any young man, who was listening to him, who was in the habit of drinking, had a wish to take something, let him resist the wish; he would feel feverish, restless, and uneasy, until he had gratified his wish or crushed it. He had heard of a case, where a friend of temperance was anxious to induce a drunkard, whom he knew, to become a sober man, by saying, that he would give him five dollars, if he would not drink for a day. The drunkard told his humane friend to shut him up; but, so far gone was he in the vice, so determined and so incorrigible a drunkard was he, that he had devised the means of getting intoxicated, even while he was shut up, by sucking the rum through a straw from a bottle, which a boy held outside the door; the straw was put through the key-hole.

In the church of the Rev. Albert Barnes, in Philadelphia, he had held a temperance meeting. The children of eight or nine of the Sabbath schools, with their teachers, were present. It was a most glorious sight; it was a bright and beautiful sight, and it reminded him of what Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, had said to him (Mr. G.), of the meeting of children, which was once held in the Tremont Temple, namely, 'There was no flower-garden on earth equal to it.' But it was said, that children did not understand the temperance movement. That was a great mistake. They understood it well; and the girls and boys set a noble example to their seniors. The pledge contained the principle of total abstinence. The advocates of the cause sought their aid; and they solicited them to come up upon the platform, and take an active part in the holy work. The

traffic in rum would be put an end to. When he said that, he was told that he was touching upon delicate ground; but he would never cease to wage war against the traffic in all that intoxicates. It was said, that there were many wealthy men concerned in the trade of rum, whose influence would be brought to bear against those who denounced it, as being fraught with poverty, disease, and death. But what cared he for that impotent threat? He had a right to lift up the curtain, to disclose the secrets of the charnel-house; he would tear away the drapery of respectability! which hung around the infamous trade, that it might be seen in the length and breadth of all its hideousness and corruption.

The dark and impenetrable pall of drunkenness, which enshrouded the rum-depositories, must be rent. The inebriate outcast often exclaimed, that no man cared for him, or for his soul; he considered that he was lost, beyond all hope of recovery, and he expected to die. Night after night he pursued his course; they would hear his wild, demoniac laugh. Would any of those who were present accompany him (Mr. G.) for twenty-four hours, he would point out to them scenes, the bare contemplation of which, would make the heart of a savage barbarian ache. He would point to their view those fatal places, where the drunkard's soul and senses were steeped in rum. That man was sleeping, one would say; wait a little, go close, and hear his convulsive heavings; lift up his hand, and it falls dead; cry aloud in his ear, and he would not hear; build a fire around him, and such was the state of stupefaction in which he was, that he could with difficulty be started. No; he was not asleep; the drunkard never slept. See the beaded drops of perspiration standing on his forehead; see him beating the air; see him starting, and terrified at the horrible figures which

crowd upon his imagination. He glares forth again, with one object in view, namely, to get his rum; he knelt down, to clutch the glass with his trembling hands. He (the drunkard) cared not for the world; he went on, in the same way, night after night, until he was hurried before the dread tribunal of Omnipotent justice, in a state of intoxication! O, it was a tremendous reflection. He knew from experience all he stated. But, said Mr. Gough, with his eyes and hands turned towards heaven, thank God, a bright and beaming star of hope had shone upon him. He had destroyed his appetite for drink; he had trampled under his feet his foe. But he would rather go back to what he was two days before he had signed the pledge, than be a RUM-SELLER. He had been a sinner above all sinners, but the Almighty God had never left him so far, as to be bad enough to sell the soul-destroying and God-defying rum.

Mr. Gough dwelt upon the wicked use which was made of corn, while thousands of human beings were in want of bread. He spoke of the advertisements, which he often saw in the newspapers, which were —

*‘Corn! Corn! The highest cash price given for Corn.’*

That corn was poured into the accursed distillery, and was converted into a liquid fire, to blight, blast, and scathe the face of nature. If the corn was bought up, and cast into the sea, and if the highest cash price was given for casting it there, if the object was to produce famine in that way, the advocates of the temperance cause would be silent, because the injury which would thus result would be comparatively nothing. In one hundred and thirty towns in Massachusetts, the sale of spirits was abolished. But the people of those towns complained that Boston was ruining them, because the rum was obtained here in jugs, and forwarded to those places by the different

expresses and carriers. Would the citizens of Boston permit that? Would the rum traffickers be allowed to pour out their liquid streams of death, despite the appeal of the broken-hearted wives, and the tears of the orphan? But the rum-sellers said, if they did not sell, others would. He (Mr. G.) had asked them why they sold at all. The answer was, to *make money*. Rather than sell it, he would sooner die on a hay-mow, without a person to wipe the damp dews of death from his brow: he would sooner lay his head on a cold stone, with nothing to protect it against the pitiless peltings of the storm. He would prefer that hard and melancholy fate, to a bed of eider down, and to have friends, with anxious countenances, peering through the damask curtains that shrouded his dying body, when the latter were purchased with wealth made in a distillery, every dollar of which was blistered with the tear of sorrow, rusted with the suicide's blood, and crusted with the piercing cries of the sobbing, starving child. God never gave the distiller a dollar, and if he were to make an offering of one, it would be an act of impiety, and an outrage upon the Majesty of the Deity. He would repeat it; let those who doubted the extent and magnitude of the evil arising from drunkenness, go with him to the prisons, and see the pale faces, the sunken eyes, and the hollow jaws of the victims of rum.

On one evening, two gentlemen were walking in the streets of Philadelphia, when they were accosted by two little girls, who asked for alms. Upon being questioned, one of them said she had no father, and the other said she had a father-in-law. They went home with the children, and, when they entered the door, they saw a woman working as fast as she could with her needle. They remonstrated with the woman for allowing her children to be in

the street at such a late hour, and told her that if she did not take proper care of them, they would have her conduct laid before the proper authorities. The woman, a fine commanding looking person, threw down her work, stood up, and, in a burst of rage, said that they ought to take the law of the whisky-shops,—they caused her to labor, and her children to beg. She worked from morning until night, but she could not support her family. The gentlemen were confounded. They went away, and returned the next day to make provision for the family.

Mr. Gough related the particulars connected with the reformation of a young man who had been addicted to drinking. It was the virtuous determination of a grey-headed negro, who had refused to take a drink of cider instead of water, which had reformed him. The old man was about to put the cider to his mouth, when he discovered what it was; he refused to drink it, and returned it to his young master, who was induced to sign the pledge, and who had since promised to exert his influence for the good of his fellow-creatures. Young men and old men, said Mr. G., go and imitate the meritorious and noble example of the virtuous negro. The young man and the negro would perhaps meet each other where there was no rum, where there was no temptation; but where all was brightness and love.

He would again refer to Philadelphia, for which they would excuse him. Two ladies, who were going to a temperance meeting, which was held in that city, were asked by a man, who did not appear to belong to the 'lower order,' for two cents. They said they would not give him what he wanted, but they asked him to go with them to a temperance meeting, where he would hear some music, and perhaps be induced to sign the pledge. The other lady



said to her companion, that she had better not take him there, as he might misconduct himself. At that moment two boys passed by, who were requested by the ladies to see the man home, and to call upon them in the morning with word where he lived, and they would reward them. One of the ladies went to see him. She found him sick with *delirium tremens*. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She had a sufficiency for herself and her son. All she had to grieve about, was the dissipation of her child. The lady asked him (Mr. G.) to accompany her to see the young man, and apologized to him for not having the carriage, as her mother was out shopping. Well, he felt pretty proud to walk through the streets with an elegant lady. He saw the inebriate — he stayed with him an hour—he signed the pledge. They should have seen his mother; her feelings continued to well up, until, at last, she burst into a flood of tears: they were tears of heartfelt joy and gladness. Those kind and magnanimous ladies, were the instruments, under Heaven, by which that young man had been rescued from a drunkard's grave. Let others of their sex go and do likewise. There were a great many worth saving, and who might shine as stars in the hemisphere of talent. To all present, he would say, press onward, come forward, and let them show their sincerity, by signing the pledge.

He implored all friends of humanity to give the cause their support, and to exert their influence, in every legitimate manner, to bring over the drunkard. He loved the cause, and his devotion to it should cease only with his life.



# A TEMPERANCE SKETCH.

[BY AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.]

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MR. JOHN B. GOUGH.

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IN the early part of January, of the present year, I was residing in Philadelphia, and finding, one dull, drizzling damp morning that time hung heavily on my hands, I made an attempt at killing it by applying to that usual refuge for the destitute tourist — the newspapers. I soon digested the whole of their contents, having from the paucity of information contained in the various hebdomadals actually devoured the advertisements, which, by the way, were the most amusing portions of the broad sheets. This resource being exhausted, what was I to do? It was not a day for walking, and were it so, I had seen every thing of note in and about the beautiful city of Brotherly Love. The Hall of Independence, the Mint, Laurel Hill Cemetery, Franklin's Grave, the Girard College, had all been visited, and how was I to amuse myself, a stranger in a strange place?

I sauntered to the window of my hotel, and there had a melancholy view of the damp roof of the Market House. Tiring of this prospect I planted myself before the stove, and in pure desperation took up a pamphlet on temperance which lay on the table. There was not much in it to interest me, but it was better, I thought, than nothing, so I read on — turning the leaves over and over, on the princi-

ple which makes a squirrel turn in his circular cage. I read because I could'nt help it.

There were several notices in that temperance pamphlet of various lecturers on the subject of total abstinence; and a perfect host of paragraphs respecting one of them, a young man named Gough, who had, it seemed, been creating quite a 'sensation' wherever he appeared. Anecdotes of considerable interest were quoted as having been related by him, and from all accounts, his progress through the various cities and towns of the Union seemed to have been a very march of triumph.

I am passionately fond of eloquent public speaking, and therefore felt a great desire to hear Mr. Gough; nor was my wish long ungratified, for the rain being 'over and gone,' I sauntered down Chestnut street, and in my way saw a bill which announced that Mr. G. would address the people of Philadelphia in a church, on the following Sunday evening, and thither at the appointed hour I repaired, expecting to be disappointed, for I have generally found much-vaunted men to fall far short of the standard erected by their admirers.

Mr. Gough's fame having 'flown before him,' the church was, long before the appointed time, crowded to overflowing. I occupied a seat in the gallery, and in common with hundreds waited anxiously for the appearance of the second Father Mathew. As seven o'clock drew near, every eye was strained in order to catch the first glimpse of him. There was a perfect *furor*. Surely, thought I, he *must* be something above the mark! but stay.

The minister, who regularly officiates in the church, goes into the pulpit and sits down. One or two persons behind me say it is after seven o'clock, and very much fear that Mr. Gough is not coming, and they are *only* going to have

a sermon after all. Presently there is a stir near the door, and a grave-looking spectacled personage, with hair

‘half-way

On the road from grizzle to gray,’

is seen pushing, with monstrous difficulty, through the crowd. He is followed by a young man, or rather by a young man’s head, for whether a body belongs to it is doubtful — if there be, it bids fair to be so flatly squeezed as to render seeing it edgeways a matter of difficulty. On the grave-looking gentleman and his companion push, and at length arrive at the foot of the stairs leading to the pulpit. ‘There he goes! that’s Gough! him with the spectacles on,’ whispers one to another, as the grave-looking personage ascends the steps — no, that cannot be the orator, for we are told he is much younger. Another individual mounts, and a buz goes round — again a disappointment! it is only the sexton, who is about to regulate the refractory gas-burner. Perhaps the secretary (for such is the gentleman with gray hair and spectacles) is going to apologize for Mr. Gough’s unexpected, unavoidable absence, &c., &c. O! no — no such thing, for you may see a young man following the sexton, and all at once every eye is fixed on him, for every body whispers to every body else — ‘That’s him,’ and this time they are right, for Mr. J. B. Gough it is.

What! that pale, thin young man — with a brown overcoat buttoned closely up to his chin, and looking so attenuated that a tolerably persevering gust of wind would have had no difficulty in puffing him to any required point of the compass — *that* him who has swayed multitudes by his oratory. Made strong men weep like little children, and women to sob as if their hearts would burst! Yes — look at his large expressive eyes — mark every feature, and

you see the stamp of no common man there. The young apostle of temperance is before us.

After a brief address from Mr. Marsh, and a prayer from the pastor of the church, a hymn was sung, and then Mr. Gough came forward. I had now a better opportunity of observing him. His face was pale, and there needed no very scrutinizing eye to detect on the brow of youth, furrows which time and trouble had prematurely ploughed there. His cheeks were very pale, somewhat sunken, and their muscles were very distinctly marked. The mouth, by far the most expressive feature of the face, was of a benevolent formation, (if I may so describe it,) and at times a smile of inexpressible sweetness lurked about it—a quantity of dark hair nearly covered his forehead, yet leaving one temple bare, indicating a brain of more than ordinary capacity. In dress he was extremely simple—plain black—taken altogether, I have seldom at a first glance felt so lively an interest in any celebrated man (and I have seen many) as I did in Mr. Gough.

It would be easy enough to give the *matter* of Mr. Gough's address, but to convey any thing except a very slender idea of his *manner*, would be a sheer impossibility, and I shall not attempt so hopeless a task. To be fully appreciated he must be heard. He commenced by disclaiming any intention of entering on an argument, and said that he should mainly depend on facts, the results of his own experience, or those of others which had fallen under his notice. He then described his own career as an intemperate man, and drew pictures of such terrific power, and yet so truthful that his hearers shuddered as they listened to the dreadful details. To me, intemperance had never before appeared in all its horrible, startling hideousness. The impressions made by Mr. Gough on his

audience seemed to be profound ; and many of his pathetic anecdotes drew tears 'from eyes unused to weep.'

It being Sabbath evening, Mr. Gough did not indulge in any reminiscences of a ludicrous nature, but confined himself to a delineation of the awful features of intemperance, as exhibited every hour in our daily paths. His illustrations were marvellously felicitous, and most aptly introduced. Never did he utter any thing approaching to vulgarity, and often his eloquence was of a high order. He told us that he had never known the advantages of education (a fact which none would have suspected) ; that he had left England at twelve years of age ; had suffered from poverty and want in their direst forms, and had felt, when death had robbed him of all who made life dear, that he was utterly *alone*. It was the most awfully interesting autobiography I ever listened to.

During that week, and the week following, Mr. Gough lectured to congregated thousands in Philadelphia ; and so fascinated was I by his eloquence, that, with the exception of two meetings, I heard all his addresses. The excitement was tremendous. To obtain any chance of hearing him, seats were obliged to be procured more than an hour and a half before the time of commencement. Gallery and pulpit stairs, and aisles, were thronged with people of every class. I shall never forget the scene at the Chinese Museum, where, on two occasions, three thousand people paid twenty-five cents for the privilege of hearing him ; and, even then, hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Mr. Gough enchained that vast audience, for two hours, by one of the most effective addresses I ever heard. At one moment he convulsed them with merriment, and, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, he subdued them to tears. It was a wonderful display of his power over the feelings and pas-

sions; and yet, with all, there was so much of humility, that one knew not which most to admire — the man or his matter.

Mr. Gough is an admirable mimic, and tells a story with more point than, Charles Matthews excepted, any other story-teller I ever listened to. His sarcasms tell with effect, and his pathetic narrations of the household distresses are graphic in the extreme. I should not like to be the object of his denunciations, for he launches his thunders with an unsparing hand, as the traffickers in rum can testify. He sings, too, and very sweetly: few can refrain from tears when hearing his 'long, long ago.' Taken altogether, it may be safely said that Mr. Gough is one of those men whom the Almighty calls out, at certain periods, to wage his battles, and effect great moral reforms. Mr. Gough is, emphatically, a man for the Times!

I forgot to remark, that our orator's voice is extremely musical, and of flexible tone; at times sweet as that of the eloquent Henry Smith (a preacher of Queen Elizabeth's day, and surnamed the silver-tongued), and at others, pouring forth, torrent-like, in eloquent invective. In fine, he has all the requisites for an efficient public speaker, and nobly does he bring all his energies to bear whilst engaged in discussing his favorite theme — temperance, to which he feels he owes so much.

It should not be forgotten by Mr. Gough's wide, and still expanding circle of friends, that their favorite speaker's talents are confined in an earthly casket, and that the vast amount of labor which he performs *must* of necessity affect his health. Let those who value his influence, be careful of the man; and not, by overworking him now, prevent his future usefulness. It is evident that he is suffering from over-work; indeed, human nature *cannot* long support such



prodigious efforts as his. The lives of such men are of priceless value. That he may long be spared to effect still greater reforms in our moral and social circles, is the heartfelt prayer of one who, after Father Matthew had failed to convince him of the error of 'drink,' heard from J. B. Gough, his junior only in years, such statements as induced him to *sign the pledge*.

J. D. R.

*Boston, March, 1845.*



# P O E T R Y .

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TO JOHN B. GOUGH.

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BY JOHN D. ROSS.

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THY work is good, thy aim is high—  
Thy mission pure and holy !  
The human heart to purify ;  
To raise the weak and lowly :  
To bid the slaves, who, hating all,  
By men are shunned and hated,  
Rise up from Rum's despotic thrall,  
MEN — self-emancipated !

In homes which once were full of woe,  
Meek Peace shall fold her pinion ;  
And like a ' little heaven below,'  
Will seem the calm dominion :  
For children, strangers long to bliss,  
When parent forms caressing,  
Shall owe to thee their happiness,  
And name thee with a blessing.

Some worse than widowed wife, whose flowers  
Of hope were well-nigh blighted,  
Shall feel her many weary hours  
Of sadness all requited :

For smiles shall beam, — and by the tongue  
Which uttered threats and curses,  
Shall prayers be made; and oft be sung  
Devotion's hallowed verses.

The young shall hail thy saving hand,  
Which grasped them when pursuing,  
With Dissipation's thoughtless band,  
The path to endless ruin.  
Gray-headed sires shall joy to see  
Some prodigal repenting :  
And mothers, when their loved are free,  
Will hush the long lamenting ?

O ! prouder far such wreaths as thine  
Than Hero's cirques of glory !  
And brighter shall thy trophies shine  
Upon the page of story !  
The weapons of thy righteous war  
Love's garlands are entwining ;  
And Peace speaks, as when Bethlehem's star  
Was o'er the shepherds shining.

Faint not ! faint not ! but onward press,  
Pursue thy God-like calling :  
Achieve more bloodless victories  
Rum's captives disenthraling !  
Be heedless of the ' strife of tongues ' —  
Assail man's CURSE — *remove* it !  
Whilst earth thy work shall hail with songs,  
And God shall well approve it.

*Boston, Feb. 1845.*

## TWO YEARS AGO.

[Written for J. B. Gough.]

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

*Tune — ' O no, we never mention him.'*

Two years ago, a mighty chain  
Had bound me to the bowl,  
Its links lay burning on my brain  
And crushing down my soul;  
My mother, far from scenes of strife  
Was, in her grave, laid low,  
And not a star shone on my life  
But two short years ago.

Two years ago, the loafing throng,  
That hung around the inn,  
Would say — ' Come, sing us now a song,  
And you shall have some gin.'  
And I the drunkard's catch would troll,  
The lowest of the low,  
And then in drink would drown my soul,  
But two short years ago.

Two years ago, upon the edge  
Of Ruin's gulf I lay:  
I woke — I rose — I signed the pledge  
Two years ago to-day:  
That pledge hath saved my drowning soul,  
From sorrow, pain, and woe;  
'T was that, that helped me dash the bowl  
Away, two years ago.

And now a glorious sun hath risen  
To cheer and bless my soul:  
I feel my freedom from my prison —  
My bondage to the bowl:

A thousand friends, with anxious care,  
 Their arms around me throw,  
 To keep me from the gulf of Fear  
 I sought, two years ago.

Two years ago, thy name, O God,  
 I named but to blaspheme;  
 Thy holy courts I never trod;—  
 Forgive me, Power Supreme!  
 And help me do some little good,  
 In lifting up the low,  
 Who now are standing, where I stood  
 But two short years ago.

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### SONG.

Written by Rev. WM. B. TAPPAN, for Mr. J. B. GOUGH, and sung  
 by him at the Anniversary Occasion, October 23, 1844.

I was tossed by the winds on a treacherous wave;  
 Above me was peril, beneath me a grave;  
 The sky, to my earnest inquiry, was dark;  
 The storm in a deluge came down on my bark!  
 How fearful! to drive on a horrible shore,  
 Where breakers of Ruin eternally roar.

O, Mercy! to wreck in the morning of days,—  
 To die when life dazzles with changeable rays,—  
 To sink as the grovelling and vile of the ship,  
 The rose on my cheek, and the dew on my lip—  
 And fling, as a bauble, my soul to the heaps,  
 That glisten and mock from the caves of the deeps.

O, no ! for a STAR trembles out in the sky,  
The shrieks of the ocean complainingly die,  
The gales that I covet blow fresh from the shore,  
Where breakers of Ruin eternally roar :  
Each sail presses homeward — all praises to THEE,  
Whose word in that hour hushed tempest and sea !

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## TO J. B. GOUGH.

YOUNG champion of a righteous cause, press boldly on, I pray,  
Though weary, faint not — falter not, though dark and rough  
the way ;

Ripe is the harvest, and thy hand can well the sickle wield,  
O ! bind the sheaves — root up the tares, that cumber now  
the field.

Strong is the foe ; but thou art strong, the tempter's spell to  
break ;

Thy heel can bruise the serpent's head, his dreaming victim  
wake.

Still pour, in floods of burning light, thy thoughts without  
control,

Thy trumpet tones can stir the heart, can rouse the slum-  
bering soul.

Sheathe not the two-edged sword of truth, till error van-  
quished lies ;

Spare not the wolf, while yet one lamb, bleeding, before thee  
dies.

Ay, thine's a work of emprise high, a meet reward is thine ;  
Enrolled 'mong blest philanthropists, thy name shall brightly  
shine.

Though, like the lightning-riven oak, thou 'st known misfortune's storm,  
Affections shall spring up, and twine, like ivy, round thy form.  
Thousands shall grasp thy hand, and call thee savior, brother, friend;  
And prayers from myriad hearts for thee, like incense, shall ascend.

The seeds thou 'rt sowing now in tears, shall blossom 'neath thy tread;  
Hope's ripened fruits, and soul-fraught joys, shall cluster round thy head;  
Angels of holy light o'er thee, their radiant wings shall bend,  
With pæans of a rescued host, their harpings soft shall blend.  
More precious to a soul like thine, such treasures, though untold,  
Than ingots of the glistening dross that mammon's sons call gold.  
Blessed thus on earth, a brighter crown shall deck thy brow above,  
Where thou, with all earth's ransomed tribes, shall sing the song of love.

*Dedham, Mill Village.*

LIZETTE.

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TO MR. J. B. GOUGH.

YOUNG speaker! thou hast dearly learned the lore,  
That touched thy tongue with eloquence, to chain  
The thronging crowds, and bid the tear-drop pour,  
As flows from April clouds the genial rain.  
God grant the seed may ripen, and bring forth  
Rich harvest, all commensurate with thy worth.



Ah! thou hast paid for knowledge such a price  
 As beggars imagery. Nought can repay  
 The boundless treasures lavished upon vice :  
 Thy early boyhood's pure and hallowed ray,  
 Thy young heart's hopes, the *life* of her who gave  
 Her all to thee, ere yet a mindless slave.

Steeped to the lips in poverty and shame,  
 Quivering with agony, remorse, and dread ;  
 Cast by the living forth, with taunts and blame,  
 E'en from the bosom of the peerless dead !  
 Condemned and exiled. O ! my God, prevent  
*Another* bearing the *bonds* which thou hast rent.

'O ! I have suffered.' Yes ; and many hearts,  
 That beat before thee, echoed back thy words,  
 As memory drew aside the screen, that parts  
 The past and present. Ah ! the inner chords  
 Of many souls vibrated to the tone.  
 Ah ! me, thou hast not trod the path alone.

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We, who have seen *our* loved ones *change* and *fall*,  
 Know well what influence alone can save  
 Others who tremble, like a tottering wall,  
 O'er the dark precincts of the drunkard's grave.  
 'T is *individual* effort, sire and son,  
 Must marshal side by side, ere the broad field be won.

And yet *men* say, 'Can I my brother keep ?'  
 We answer, 'Can you not his steps betray ?'  
 And, fiend-like, urge him to the dangerous leap,  
 And then lament his downfall ?' Hedge the way  
 By a firm phalanx of abstaining ones,  
 And save your country's honor, and her sons.

Go on, thou 'young man eloquent!' go on :  
Continue thus to urge thy brother man —  
Thy brother Christian — thus to act upon  
This glorious cause ; others have led the van ;  
Thou bringest up the centre ; charge, and rout ;  
Their false excuses *must* be driven out.

Thine earthly tabernacle rude storms have shook ;  
But spare not word, nor tear, nor life, nor limb :  
The monster, who once held thee, must not look  
For truce or quarter ; *thou* had'st none from *him* !  
Better a martyr's death — a martyr's lot,  
Than the escutcheon of *our* cause to blot.

*New York*, 1844.

A. C. L.

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### DRINKING SONG.

DRINK from the mountain spring,  
As it leaps from its rocky cell ;  
Drink from the pure stream, wandering  
Along the flowery dell.

But drink not of the poisoned cup,  
Taste not its deadly flow ;  
It crazes the head, it fires the blood,  
And it fills the heart with woe.

Though it dance to the sight, in youth so bright,  
Though it gleam with the promise of joy,  
Yet of Genius and Hope 't is the deadly blight,  
And it cloudeth the morning of youth in night,  
And it bringeth long woe for a brief delight,  
And it charmeth to destroy.

Then drink from the mountain spring,  
As it leaps from its rocky cell;  
Drink from the pure stream, wandering  
Along the flowery dell.

But drink not of the poisoned cup,  
O! taste not its deadly flow,  
For it crazes the head, and it fires the blood,  
And it fills the heart with woe.

*New Brunswick, 1845.*

J. P.

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TO MR. JOHN B. GOUGH.

Written after listening to his eloquent Appeal to the Ladies, in  
Mercer-street Church, Philadelphia, Jan. 27th, 1845.

HAIL to thee, stripling! youthful soldier, hail!  
God's blessing on thee, in thy noble toil!  
Mighty the foe, and clad in glittering mail;  
But thou, with sling and stone, his arts shall foil.

Stay not thy hand, — hurl forth the chosen stone,  
Unshaped by art, but polished in the stream  
Of gushing eloquence, whose mighty tone  
Shall wake the wanderer from his dangerous dream.

Thy cause is holy, — and from every heart,  
That feels the crushing weight of human woe,  
Or fears the tempter's fierce and fiery dart,  
There breathes 'God speed thee,' wheresoe'er thou go!

Protect thy life, thy strength, thy growing powers,  
Thy singleness of heart, thine upright aim;  
Shower health and gladness on thy future hours,  
And guard thee from the touch of sin or shame!

The foe may rail, — may scorn thy simple word,  
And deem himself in his stronghold secure,  
But as the leaves by autumn winds are stirred,  
So shalt thou move men's hearts, whilst thine is pure.

'T is this, more potent than the power of art,  
Of boasted genius, or world-wide renown,  
Shall give thee power to wield the human heart,  
And make its pulses vibrate to thine own.

Yes; yes, preserve thy singleness of aim,  
Thy lowly mind, thy unpretending mien,  
And precious, then, shall be thy well-earned fame,  
The victor's crown shall on thy brow be seen.

Go forth, then, stripling, with thy stones and sling,  
Look not on helmet, shield, or glittering spear!  
They suit thee not, — a burden they would bring, —  
Enough thy mighty cause for thee to bear!

Strong in the power, the naked power of truth, —  
Of love, warm, gushing from a kindly heart, —  
Not *woman* only, manhood, ardent youth,  
Shall bow subdued before thy heaven-taught art.

And God himself shall thy rewarder be.

'T is he hath raised, endowed thee for the strife,  
And he will lead thee forth to victory,  
If thou art faithful to the end of life, —  
'Till then, meek soldier, patient laborer, wait, —  
The prize is only thine when reached is heaven's gate.

## WITHIN A PRISON.

The writer is indebted, for the incident of the following Ballad, to the eloquent Mr. Gough.

As once, within a prison's walls,  
I trod the echoing floor,  
And marked the dim and narrow cells,  
Each with its grated door.

On one, a far-cast, slanting ray,  
From a narrow window, high,  
Dropped faintly, and revealed within,  
A saddened, blood-shot eye.

Through a little chink it wistful looked,  
To see one human face;  
Imploringly it begged of me  
To tarry a little space.

It was a sad, sweet pleasure, then,  
To stop by the friendless man,  
Whose thoughts of guilt in his solitude,  
With his reason riot ran.

'It is a blessed thing,' he said,  
'A kindly face to see!' —  
Two fingers through the little chink  
He strove to stretch to me.

He longed to touch a friendly hand, —  
To hear a friendly tone, —  
To feel that on God's happy earth  
He was not all alone!

And as that quivering hand I held,  
And marked that tearful eye,  
Soft pity moved my heart to ask  
That sad man's history.

‘What hast thou done, thou hapless one,  
That, in this gloomy cell,  
Shut out from light, and love, and hope,  
Thou art condemned to dwell?’

Now close he pressed the iron door!  
And tighter grasped my hand;—  
‘There was a time, — the happiest man  
Was I in all the land.

A cheerful heart, and stalwart strength,  
The Lord had given me;—  
A pleasant cot, a little farm, —  
All beautiful to see.

My wife was pure as lily fair, —  
O, woe! O woe is me! —  
And sweeter, far, than lilies are,  
And good as good could be.

I loved her dearly, loved my home, —  
No little ones had we;—  
Husband and wife; — she thought she knew  
No braver man than he.

But evil spirits tempted me  
To wander from her love, —  
With cheated lip, wine-cups to sip, —  
With straying feet to rove.

In the accurséd bowl were drowned  
My happiness and health, —  
Shipwrecked and lost; — and therewithal  
My modest store of wealth.

Had that been all, I still might be  
A hoping man once more, —  
But ne’er can wealth, or weal, or health,  
My priceless Jane restore!

My gentle wife began to droop,  
Like lily overborne ; —  
But sweeter grew, as lilies do,  
When lilies leaves are torn.

How pale her beauteous face became !  
How thin her lovely form !  
Her spirit fled, — as rose-tints fade  
Before the wintry storm.

Not one reproachful word she spake,  
Nor murmur once did she, —  
When, like a wretch, I treated her,  
She like an angel, me.

For when, with drunken rage, I came,  
A vile, and cursing man,  
Her blue eyes she would fix on me,  
Whence silent tear-drops ran.

That was a scourge I could not bear, —  
It pierced me through and through ;  
As, day by day, time wore away, —  
Surely, it larger grew.

Paler became her pallid cheek, —  
Her face and form more thin ;  
And, in plain view, the veins traced through  
Her white, transparent skin.

But dreadful was that grievéd look, —  
It was too hard to bear ;  
At home, by the way, in the cup every day —  
I saw it everywhere.

Where'er I went, I saw it still ;  
Still, still it followed me ; —  
In dreams of the night, — in broad daylight, —  
Still, still that look I see.

One day, with frenzy filled, I came ;  
She sat in silent woe ;  
Her long gold hair adown her bare  
And beauteous neck did flow.

She sat upon a broken chair,  
Her hands her face sustaining, —  
Her fingers through fast-falling tears,  
Like autumn-drops, were raining.

She rose, and turned on me *that look!*  
Within me demons wrought ; —  
With staggering pace, from out its place,  
My deadly gun I caught !

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot tell thee any more, —  
Death is too good for me ; —  
But sometimes, in the still, dark night,  
An angel's form I see.

Beside my lonely couch she stands,  
And kindly looks on me ;  
And whispers, that, beyond the grave  
I may forgiven be.'

LUELL.

---

T O G — .

Down from the willow's drooping bough,  
My trembling harp I'll bring,  
And o'er its chords, twice rescued friend,  
My joy and sadness fling.



For bitter waters are unsealed,  
As we with thee review  
Thy thorn-strown path to manhood's day, —  
Thy later sorrows too.

Yes, tears will flow, will flow with thine,  
Lone, stricken, tempted one ;  
That malice dared, from off thy brow,  
To pluck that valued crown.

But, O ! we joy that for thee now  
Hope's star doth brightly shine ;  
That round thy onward, upward way,  
The buds of promise twine.

Joy, that thy voice again can hurl  
Defiance at the foe,  
And bring from haunts of sin and shame  
Our *brethren* — fallen low.

Then, ' Onward ! ' let thy motto be  
For crown none e'er can mar ;  
O ! plume the wing for that rich prize  
The *ransomed* only share.

There no malignant, chilling glance,  
From envy's eye will fall ;  
No friend will there prove treacherous,  
No wily tempter call.

Prayer, O ! how fervent, shall ascend  
To God, the Lord, for thee ;  
That he thy buckler, shield, and strength,  
Thy All, may ever be.

M. ELIZABETH.

## LINES

Suggested by hearing Mr. J. B. Gough, at a late Temperance Lecture, portray in glowing colors, the evils of Intemperance.

DAYS of my childhood, — sweet days of delight, —  
When I thought that the world would thus ever be bright;  
When the eyes of fond parents would light up with joy,  
When they rested on me, their then innocent boy, —  
I dreamed not of sorrow, — I dreamed not of woe, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

I roamed, with my sister, o'er highland and wood;  
And blithe was our song, from hearts happy and good;  
We culled the wild flower, fresh chaplets to twine,  
To deck her fair brow, as she also did mine, —  
It seemed then a paradise, to us below, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

But those days of delight, ah! they did not remain;  
For soon they were followed by want, and by pain;  
The mother, that loved me, in death passed away,  
And I wept on the sod o'er her slumbering clay;  
My sister and I stood where she lay low, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

We returned to our garret, so dreary and sad,  
And felt that we never again could be glad;  
We knelt there in prayer to our heavenly Friend!  
For, on earth, none was near us, to guard and defend!  
'T was then that I first felt life's troubles and woe, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

My home was with strangers, — a poor orphan boy; —  
Then forever was passed my childhood's bright joy, —  
Rough language, ill treatment, ah! hard was my lot;  
Such cruel unkindness can ne'er be forgot;

My efforts to please were returned with a blow, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

Then alone in the barn I have oft raised a prayer,  
Unto him who extends to the ravens his care,  
And thus sought for strength my hard lot to endure,  
An unfriended orphan boy, tempted and poor ;  
For e'en then I could feel sin was bringing me low, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

My home, alas ! 't was no home unto me ;  
No smile from loved parents, no kind sympathy ;  
So I sought when despondent, and lonely, and sad,  
Some youthful companions, the jovial and glad ;  
They first gave the sweet poison, — I could not say, no, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

My home and my griefs were forgotten by me,  
In the sweet poisoned draught I sought pleasure and glee ;  
I then was the happiest, merriest lad,  
The world seemed so bright, and my heart seemed so glad ;  
I thought it a friend, but I found it a foe, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

These feverish dreams did but shortly remain,  
And then followed remorse, contrition, and pain ;  
I tried to reform, but I only grew worse ; —  
O why did I taste of the poison at first !  
But no friend was near, kind advice to bestow, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

Years passed, and the youth is transformed to the man ;  
For a time I succeeded my sin to withstand,  
I bid all my bottle-companions adieu,  
For now other scenes had attracted my view, —  
A fair, gentle maiden, she loved me, I know, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

A husband and father ! O sad is the sight,  
When these hallowed affections should meet with a blight !  
My wife ! how I loved her, no language can tell,  
And yet from my promises sadly I fell !  
I a husband and drunkard ? ah, yes ! it was so ; —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

Over years I would now cast oblivion's veil,  
If not by recalling I hope to prevail  
On some tempted youth the first step to beware  
The many allurements that 's spread to ensnare ;  
Much grief it would have saved me if I had said, no, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

Life is so changing, we cannot remain  
One year to another exactly the same ;  
If the course is e'en downward, O ! rapid the fall ;  
The path of the drunkard is warning to all ;  
But no voice was then raised to warn me of woe ; —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

No voice ! ah, yes ! one gentle voice I did hear,  
Who gave her advice with a sigh and a tear ;  
The wife of a drunkard ! O hard was her task ;  
But neglect, grief, and suffering, relieved her at last.  
My wife and my babe death removed from below ; —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

When the day had been passed in revelry, glee,  
And at night no home offered protection to me ;  
I would crawl to the churchyard, the moon shining bright,  
And sit on the grave of my wife the lone night !  
Not a friend had I then in the wide world below ! —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

But the drama of life is now changed again,  
And I stand up the freeman, — I've broken my chain ;

Ye friends of the outcast, who snatched me from death,  
In thanks for my rescue I now raise my breath.

O I wish that my heart years since felt as now, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

Ye throngs, who are pressing to hear me repeat  
My life's sad experience, O let me entreat,  
'Touch not! O taste not!' the danger is great;  
Beware of the tempter before 't is too late!

I speak from a heart that its ills well did know, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

And thou, who for gain can extend to another  
The poisonous cup! it is to thy brother,  
That thou art dispensing this misery, pain;  
He is a great loser! but small is thy gain;

For the book of the prophet \* revealed thine own woe, —  
A long time ago, a long time ago.

M. R.

---

TO J. B. GOUGH.

'The poor ye have always with you.' — MATT. 26: 11.

DEAR brother, thy brothers are poor!  
Go, thou, and deliverer be;  
Till the wretched are wretched no more,  
Till all shall be happy and free.

Put on the whole armor of God!  
For Christ and his kingdom declare;  
Where sorrow hath found an abode,  
Go, prove thyself conqueror there.

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\* Habakkuk 2: 15.

There was for thy brother a snare,  
'T was seen ; and thou seest it yet,  
In wine-cups ! O, make him aware  
Of places where still it is set.

Go on with thy message of love,  
And victory to you shall be given ;  
Commissions thus sent from above  
Are ever rewarded in heaven.

In yonder blessed mansions above,  
Thou 'lt soon meet with souls thou hast won ;  
There God shall preside, and approve  
Of deeds thou so nobly hast done.

Yes, brother, be true to the cause ;  
Be valiant and brave to the end,  
Love God, and obey all his laws,  
And thou shalt have Him for thy friend.

D. D.













